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DOWN BY THE RIVER SIDE.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Down by the river side I stray
As twilight shadows close,
And catch the music of the spray
Laids nature to repose:
Beside the stream a maiden dwells—
My star of evening!—
Pure as the water lily-bells
Down by the river side.

II.

Down by the river side I vow
A treasure worth the sea,
In sun, to all the world unknown,
While's all the world to me.
Soon, in her early bloom and glow,
She lies to be my bride,
Where the sweet water-lilies grow
Down by the river side.

SILVERTHORNE;

OR,

THE HEIRS OF CHESWOLD MANOR.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER I.

IN THE DARK VALLEY.

Upon one of the most romantic stretches of the coast of Lancashire was located the broad, rich manor of Cheswold. The house, a structure of the time of the sixth or seventh Henry, was a large, cumbersome building, the walls and turrets being of a hard, red sandstone; while some of the porches and oriels, which were of a more recent date, were of wood. A wide park, in some parts covered with great old trees, surrounded the manor house, beyond which was a high, thick wall, that must once have been a strong barrier against the incursions of rogues or enemies; but of late years the ponderous stone gates, with their bolts and bars, had been removed, and lighter and more graceful structures having taken their places. This house, with its outbuildings, and its park, was upon a broad eminence, overlooking the blue waters of the Irish Sea; the beach, upon which dashed the rolling waves, being separated from the western wall only by an elevated roadway. To the northward this eminence sloped down to a beautiful valley, through which ran quite a stream, and upon the soil of which Cheswold depended for most of its agricultural fruits. To the eastward swept away a thick forest; while to the southward was another vale, dotted here and there with peasants' cots, and with the road to Ormskirk running through it.

Towards the middle of the afternoon of a pleasant summer's day, a horseman, attended by a single servant, rode up to the manor house, and dismounted upon the sheltering turf in front of the main entrance. His directions to his companion, and the greetings which he received from those who came out to walk upon him, indicated that he was no less a personage than the master of the place; and such, in fact, he was—Sir Edward Silverthorne, one of the wealthiest and most honored baronets of the realm. He was yet in the prime of life, not over two-and-forty years of age, with a stout, well built frame; and bearing himself with a calm, conciliating dignity, in which was little pride, save such as every honorable man may justly feel. The outline of his form betrayed a little inclination to corpulency, though not enough to detract at all from the symmetry of good proportion. His head, with its broad, high brow, was bald and heavy, and the hair, which had once been of a pure rich brown, was now finely intermingled with searches of silver. These white hairs could not have been wholly the work of time, for the finer of gentlemen was yet apparently fresh upon him. No—they were the tracings of the hand of a deep grief; and the same hand had drawn lines of correspondence upon his face, leaving the marks of care and sorrow about the finely formed mouth, and extending them up the cheeks to the deep-set, lustrous eyes.

As Sir Edward ascended to the piazza, he was met by a man who welcomed him home very warmly, and made many protestations of joy in the effect of his safe return; and still a close observer could have seen that the honest old man expressed this greeting, with that impression, hourtful warmth with which he had met his fellow servants. This individual, who was to be quite a prominent actor in our story, was named Owen Murdock. He was brother-in-law to Sir Edward, having married his only sister. He was about five years older than the baronet, and of a similar size; with a slight stoop in his frame when he stood at ease, which gave him the appearance of an undue length of limb. His head was small; his lobe of a light brown, with scant gray, sparse and thin; his forehead not very high nor very wide; and his features regular and fair-looking. Owen Murdock might have been, in his youth, a handsome man, as beauty goes with the world; and even now he was not without considerable personal assumptions; but, unfortunately for his beauty, he had an unpleasant expression about the eyes. They were of different sizes, and we're set somewhat in the case of their colors; and when they had an indirect, grouching look at times, which was for from agreeable. But, what he was in animated conversation, upon some genial topic, and the surroundings were all of a pleasant social character, he could make himself very agreeable and entertaining, and command the attention of an intellectual audience. In his younger days, when he married Adelaide Silsmire, he had done something as an attorney; but his wife died after they had been married a few years, leaving one child—a boy; and since then he had done little or nothing in the way of business, living part of the time upon what little property he possessed, and for the rest of the time quartering himself upon the bounty of his brother-in-law.

"Upon my soul," said Owen, after they had passed the usual salutations, "I am glad that you did when you went away. Your journey has happened well."

"I hope it has," returned the baronet; "for since I went away I've been ill."

"Ill!" cried Owen, with a snap of the fingers; "I wish I was as well and strong as you are."

Sir Edward regarded his brother-in-law for some moments in silence; and it was evident enough that he was trying to conceal his real thoughts and feelings. Presently he said:

"I have seen an old friend since I have been away."

"Ah—who was it?"

"I pon remember Silverthorne?"

"Silverthorne?" repeated Owen, thoughtfully. "Why, yes. He used to occupy the little cot and shop by the river. You mean the old blacksmith?"

"The same," returned Sir Edward. "He is old now, though he was comparatively young when he left here."

"Aye," answered Owen. "Let's see—he left before my wife died. It must have been five-and-twenty years ago."

"Just about that," said the baronet. "He was then a stout young man of five-and-thirty; to be must now be full three score. I saw him in London; and I have offered him the old cot and shop again, if he will come back here."

"But," cried Murdock, "do you not, my dear Sir Edward, compromise your own dignity in thus bringing under your care and protection a runaway thief?"

"How?" replied the baronet, with some severity. "Has he not duly suffered for his crime?"

"What of that, my dear brother? I know he has served out his term of transportation; but does that wash him of the stain? Is he not still the convicted felon?"

"And what was his felony?" retorted the baronet, with a bitter curl of the lip.

"Why, sir—"

"Aye,—he helped to land and secrete contraband goods; and he may have sold some of them, and protected the proceeds."

"And," added Owen, "in the eyes of the law that constitutes smuggling."

"Well—I suppose it does."

"And do you not look upon smuggling as a crime?"

"I look upon Owen Murdock," cried the baronet, in warm, impulsive tones, "when I judge my fellows, I judge them as men.—I judge them by what I know of their hearts and souls.—I judge them by the deeds they do, and the motives. I judge them by those qualities which go to make up the man. There are brave, daring, true-hearted men upon our coast to this very hour, engaged in the smuggler's occupation; and there are also villains wearing the garb of honesty, who are more cowardly villains, even though he wear the ermine of the court, or the gown of the bishop; and I honor and esteem the brave, generous, true-hearted man, though fortune may have thrown him upon the dock of the smuggler. Silverthorne was a noble fellow, and a brave one."

This speech had considerable effect upon Owen Murdock; but he finally managed to meet the baronet's views in the case of their cotter, and suggested:

"I remember that the fellow was brave and gallant; but may not the associations of villains and rascals, for so many years, have greatly corrupted him?"

"Well, sir," returned Sir Edward. "He shall come back, if he will, and then we will watch him. I hope I shall find him worthy of the confidence I place in him. If he can betray the confidence of a friend, he must be a villain, indeed."

Again Owen winced, and was forced to turn away his head. There was something in the tone of the baronet's voice—something in the words spoken—and something in the look he bestowed upon his brother-in-law, that reached a very unprotected spot in that individual's soul.

"Well, well," said, trying to smile, "I hope you have not found me treacherous."

"So am I," returned Sir Edward. "And now, my brother, shall we go in? Come, and be in Lectuals? I must see her."

"She is a seaman, I suppose," replied Murdock. "She went over to Farnworth yesterday, and I do not think she has returned. She is very anxious to see you."

"She has been well?"

"Yes."

With this Sir Edward left the room. At four o'clock the dinner was ready, and after he had partaken of the meat his attention was called to the latter, upon more than one occasion during his absence. So anxious was his grooms that he should try them, that he spent nearly two hours in the saddle upon the exercising ground. The sun had set before he left the stables; and still he was bound to go over to Farnworth Hall. It was dusk when his horse was brought to the door, and his groom suggested to him that he had better take company with him.

"For what?" asked the baronet.

"It's a dark road in the deep valley," replied the man; "and I have heard of robbers in such places."

"Did you ever hear of a robber between here and Farnworth?"

"No, sir; but for all that there may be such a thing. There are plenty of smugglers on the coast, and they don't like to be meddling about the woods."

"A few lurks in our woods, it is only to hide from the officers," replied the baronet. "No," he added, "I prefer to ride alone. If our Lady Lorinda needs any advice touching her grounds, I may receive all night, so you need not wait."

Sir Edward Silverthorne gathered up his rein and moved off through the park. He went out by the eastern gate, and soon struck upon the valley road. In a little while he came to where the vale was deepest, the slopes hillsides, covered with great trees, forming a long, curving gorge, through which ran the traveled way. It was very dark at this point, the tall, heavily-rooted oaks arching their luxuriant overhead, thus shutting out even the feeble rays of the stars, and making it a complete vaulted passage for a distance of nearly one miles. In the day time this gave was beautiful and powerful enough; but in the night it was terror and dismal.

As the baronet struck into this cramped region he drew his horse down to a walk, and leaned thoughtfully on his saddle-bow. A deep, lofty sigh broke from his lips, and the dark train of his reflections were in keeping with the gloom that surrounded him.

"Alas!" he murmured, in tones that mingled solemnity and prayerfully with the sighing of the wind through the thick foliage, "and shall I never more see my child? Will the day never come again?"

Why so sad? Whence came the gloom?

Years ago, when he was young and hopeful, and the world was to him a new opening with buds and blossoms, Sir Edward married a beautiful maiden, who was loved with the whole strength and fervor of his generous soul. She was as pure and good as she was beautiful, and had for several years been the object of wealth of her virgin affections. A child was born to them—a bright, darling boy, in whose development and all that earth could afford. When their child was but sixteen years of age, they went to France on a pleasure trip, and spent the warm summer months in travel. At Paris, as they were making preparations for the return, the baronet received a message requiring his immediate presence at home. There was no such thing, within the bounds of duty, as disobeying the summons; and as his wife, with her child, could not well make the necessary haste, he was forced to leave them behind, and go forward alone. But he left them in charge of his brother-in-law, and they were to follow him as soon as possible. A week afterwards, Lady Silsmire and her child, in company with Owen Murdock, embarked on board a merchant vessel-ship bound for Liverpool. Of Lord's End they were overtaken by a severe storm. Some days passed in fury until there were completely at the mercy of the waves. The next morning at night, the ship was thrown upon the coast of Cornwall, a shattered and smitten wreck. Some of the crew—a very few—were saved; but most, and it were lost. Some of the bodies sank with heavier portions of the wreck; some were dashed and mangled against the rocks, and some were washed to the shore, stark and cold. Owen Murdock was helping the officers of the ship at the time of the disaster, and he was saved, being caught in a tattered sail, and thus, in a measure, shielded from the cruel waves. Sir Edward had the melancholy satisfaction of receiving the bruised body of his wife, and of having it affectionate burial, but the cares of his life he never saw. Every effort was made to find it, but without avail. Other bodies found deep sepulture within the mismatched caverns of the rocks, and those who made the search were satisfied that the remains of the little one had found rest with them.

For this was Sir Edward and. From that dreadful hour of wreck and death had come a gloom, settling down over his life like a pall, and pervading with its anguish his every sense of feeling. Joy—and he had other causes of disquiet—comes of a more recent date—which, linked with those of the past, gave him to fear that the day of joy could never dawn again.

And as Sir Edward rode on, slowly, through the dark way, his mind was so absorbed that he never told, until finally the stopping of his horse called him from his reverie, and caused him to pay some attention to things about him. There was just the faintest glimmering of starbeams in the vale, and the baronet judged that he was about half way through the wood. He peered around, but could see nothing unusual.

"Come, Hunter," he said, patting his beast upon the neck, "there's nothing here to be afraid of. Come, you've traveled slowly, and rest too much to fear the gloom."

But the beast was not inclined to advance, and when his rider urged him, he attempted to turn back. The baronet was now sure that there must be something in the way, for he knew the sagacity of his horse, and was confident that no mere freak could operate thus upon him. He was going around again, trying in vain to pre-vail upon the animal, when he heard a sound like the crackling of a stick, and his horse shied once more to turn around, this time giving a sharp snort of fear. But the sound was unmistakable, and the baronet had then beat his ear to listen. There was another sound of crackling sticks, and in a moment more a dark object darted into the road, and, as the horse reared and plunged, Sir Edward could see that a man had seized him by the bit. But the man who had done this was not alone, for as the baronet beat forward for a pistol, he received a blow upon the head that brought him from his saddle.

When Sir Edward recovered his senses, which he did very quickly, for the blow had not completely stunned him, he found that his horse, and two stout men were in the act of binding his feet. He struggled with all his might, but was forced to prevent the work of tying upon him. As soon as he had been thus bound, he was raised by the shoulders, and dragged over from the road, by a narrow way, among the trees, and to where they stopped, he was beneath the broken face of a rocky cliff. There were three of the ruffians, one of them carrying a small pocket-lantern, the light of which was now brought to bear upon the face of the victim.

"How now?" cried the baronet, striving to rise to a sitting posture, but without effect. "What is all this? What does it mean? Would you rob me?"

But instead of answering him the villains drew apart, and conferred together; and some of their hastily spoken words reached the baronet's ear.

"No, no," said the one who held the lantern, in answer to a previous suggestion; "it is none of our business to parley or coddle. Stuff him quick, and have it done with. His horse we'll attend to afterwards."

"So be it," replied one of the others. "If I hit the mark, he will know what struck him!"

And then was the plan of the work of that dark hour, in that secluded vale. It was murder, meant for the lord of Cheswold!

CHAPTER II.

THE VISITORS AT FARNWORTH.

Sir Edward, as soon as he had heard enough to open to his understanding the purpose of the villains who had waylaid him, made a desperate effort, and succeeded in bringing himself to a sitting posture. His next thought, instinctive with every brave man, was of self-defence; but that was entirely out of the question, for his limbs he could not use. There was only one other hope, though, in that dismal nook, it was a faint one. His lips were free, and he shouted for help with all his might.

"Hallo!" cried one of the assassins, springing upon him. "Your work's do. Hold your noise!" And he bore the baronet back to the earth, and stopped his mouth with his hand. And then, turning to his companions, he bade them to make haste.

He with the lantern turned the light once more upon the fallen man, while the other advanced with an upraised club. But the blow was not struck, for at that moment there came the sound of hilling feet from the direction of the road, and the new comers broke upon the ob.

"Down the glint!" cried the leader of the villains. "Quick, or we're lost!"

The lantern was closed, and the three-rascals glided away around the cliff, and in a few moments were lost to the sight of their victim.

"Which's all this?" demanded some one, who had stopped within a few feet of the spot.

The voice had a hearty, honest sound, and the baronet quickly replied. "Help me, for the love of the new-comers, and when they had found where he was, they released his limbs, and assisted him to his feet.

"They must have been robbers, I think," said the baronet, in answer to an inquiry; "but who were they I cannot tell. My self-possession returns, nor did I recognize their voices—But to whom am I thus beholden for my life? Who are you, gentlemen?"

"Never mind," answered the one who had thus for been the main speaker, and who seemed to be a young man; "we are two who will never pass by and leave a fellow-creature to suffer, if it lays in our power to help him. And now, if it is a fair question, who are you?"

"My name is Edward Stanton."

"Of Farnworth?"

"Yes."

Then the men seemed to be much surprised at this discovery, and nothing more was said until they reached the road, where Sir Edward looked around for his horse.

"I guess you would find him here," remarked the older stranger. "As we came up we heard a disturbance in the woods, as though a horse were trying to break from his halter; and presently afterwards we heard the report of the bolt. And then the beast galloped off."

"Which way did he go?"

"That way—to the east."

"Then he will be sure to Farworth, and I think I'll follow on foot. I hope that your way lays in the same direction."

"Yes," replied the younger of the two, after a moment's hesitation; "we are bound this way, and shall be pleased to have you with us as far as the Hall."

As they walked on, the baronet described more fully how he had been attacked, and how he had been left to his fate, and how ultimately came to his rescue.

"It was a most fortunate course for men whose only object was plunder," said the youth, "that we should have had such an opportunity!"

"Perhaps they had," returned Sir Edward. But there is no other motive that I can think of, and he could, be turned the subject of conversation, for he was anxious to get acquainted thoroughly with his deliverers, and he was not long in making up his mind that they were gentlemen, and not the ordinary level in point of education and refinement of the rustics. And he was soon determined that they were brave and true-hearted. He could not, however, learn their names from their fever; but not sufficiently so to materially worry the baronet in his judgment. They were both of the two could not have been many years apart in the number of their years, as neither could have been over fifty. They were both tall and stout, and the younger had the two points of their speech and given token, and both appeared to be gentlemen, as neither bore any badge of distinction. Stanton had had his suspicions before; and these suspicions were now confirmed. Why should he dissemble?

"My friends," he said, in a tone so frank and honest that his intent could not be doubted, "do you know who I am? I know you really are, You have rendered me a great assistance, and I am grateful. You have unselfishly imperiled your own safety to save me, and I am sunny to you. You are smugglers."

There was a momentary hesitation on the part of the sailors, and then the older replied:

"You are right, sir. We are smugglers, when engaged in our regular calling; but to-night we are rescuers."

"And friends of Sir Edward Stanton," interrupted the baronet, extending his hand; "so let that part drop."

There was an exchange of mutual friendship in the group that followed, and then the baronet turned the conversation upon the subject of the coast, and its dangers, by which all three displayed a thorough knowledge of the peculiarities of the English shore of the Irish Sea.

By and by they came to the gate of a broad

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park, and the old gray walls of Faversham Hall could be seen looming up against the sky close at hand.

"Here we part," said the young man.

"No—and so," quickly replied the baronet.

"You will at least go in and repose for a few minutes. A little refreshment would not be ungrateful. Come—please me in this."

The two men confronted together a moment, and finally consented to go in.

"As you say," remarked the old man, "a little refreshment would not be ungrateful; and we accept your offer, feeling assured that Sir Edward Stanton could not betray a confidence which he himself had invited."

"When he does," replied the baronet, warmly, "let him be detested by all true men."

While they were thus speaking servants came down from the house with refreshments, and as they sat Sir Edward, were quickly relieved of a heavy burden.

"Your horse came to the door, with an empty saddle," said one of them, "and our lads, not knowing it, felt sure that you had returned, and, had met with some accident upon the road; for she knew that old Hunter would not be saddled and bridled, save for his master's use. So we were just starting out upon the search. What was it, sir? Have you been hurt?"

"Not in the least," replied the baronet. "I had occasion to leave my horse for a few moments in the wood, and as he seemed to have a notion to hasten on and herald my coming. Go and tell your mistress that I am safe, and will grace her night spotlly."

As the servitors turned back towards the house the baronet remarked to his companions—

"An instinctive perception of much true manhood in those who have befriended me hath led me to place much trust in my servants, and to take you upon my own responsibility, into the pure, untainted home of the hir ing minister of Perworth."

"Upon my soul, Sir Edward," returned the elder smuggler, with a grateful smile, "you do us but justice. For myself I may not speak, but for my companion I can truly say—the hath in at heart all those qualities which may become an honorable man."

"Aye," added the young man, impulsively, at the same time resting his hand upon the arm of his shipmate; "and who hath more truth and nobleness of heart than Jack Darrell?"

"Then your name is Darrell?" said the baronet.

"John Durwood, I own, since Elroy hath so spoken it."

"And you, sir," continued Stanton, turning to the young man, "what beside Elroy?"

"Elroy Carrow is my name, sir."

"So—I shall feel better acquainted with you since I know your names. And now for an instan on."

If the two smugglers had felt any uneasiness in view of becoming so particularly known to the baronet, they failed to show it in his manner, both of tone and bearing, was such as to disarm them of all fear; and they felt quite at ease in his society.

When they reached the Hall, they were admitted by a servant, who at once conducted them to one of the handsomely furnished apartments. Light were burning, and where his informant them that his master would soon be with them.

And now Sir Edward had an opportunity to view his companions more closely; and, if he had before judged them to be men of more than common intelligence, his opinion, John Durwood was certainly fully your of a handsome countenance, with a full, manly face, and a mild, blue eye. His brow was broad and high, but without any great show of mental power, but bringing to those marks which the physiognomist so quickly discovers, a good cultivation of that power.

Elroy Clifton, however, was the object of the baronet's especial attention. He was about twenty-and-seven—rather below the average height, but with a firmness and compactness of development that was rare for one of his years. The muscles of his whole frame were full and round; and yet so gently tossed were they, when at rest by the pervading presence of the inner man, that he seemed both older and younger than he really was. His hair was black and glossy, contrasting with his neck and forehead of beautiful clearness; his brow high and richly developed; his eyes of that warm, luminous color, which seems sometimes black, and sometimes brown; while the color fluctuates, as it is a mould of every feeling, every bidding of the strong, healthy character. His ears were placed just where the old Greek sculptors used to place the ears of their noblest characters. The ears of a man may speak a single effair; and yet that generous rounding of the back-head, giving room and play to the social qualities, that enlarged space, strengthening the forces of Love—Love of Friends, and Love of Home, and Love of Children, as it is developed in Brotherhood,—this has as much to do with the noble, unselfish man, as to have those other forces which have their seat upon the crown. And those well-formed ears, when they nestle the ear the center, thus giving a vital and loyal force of back-head to balance and control the intellect.

Sir Edward was deeply engaged in studying the handsome, genial face of the youth, when the minister of the mansion entered. He arose at once, and greeted her, kissing her upon the brow as she embraced him; and then he introduced her to his companions. She had scanned a little startled when she first looked upon the rough garbs of the ocean; but as she glanced into the face of her strange visitors, her look changed to a smile of welcome.

Lorinda Vernmore was salacious of Faversh, and yet one quite unaccustomed to society. She was a ward of Sir Edward's. She was only nineteen years of age, and an orphan. Her mother died when she was a grateling child; and as the age of ten years she lost her father. Sir Edward took her from one of Sir Edward's warmest and truest friends, and when he knew that he must die, he made the baronet guardian of his child, and gave into his hands full charge of her whole estate. Lorinda being his only heir. So the maiden had grown up like a child of the baronet's; deeply loved as such; and made a home for most of the time at Chesswold; though, since she had gained an age of experience and judgment, spending some of the summer months at Faversh, among her own kindred.

And a beautiful girl was Lorinda Vertcour; as bright and joyous as the feathered songsters that made music about her home; and as true and faithful as the sterling oak. Versed in the ways of the fashionable world, and could bear her part nicely with the best; and yet fond of tutled solitude; but the true home of her nature—the type of her greatest attractiveness—the quiet atmosphere of friendship, where she could do deeds of love and charity to those around her.

"O, I was so frightened, my dear guardian, when they told me that your horse had come with an empty saddle," she said, after the had been a-one. "You were not injured?"

"No—thanks to those kind friends," returned the baronet, glancing gratefully towards his guests. "My horse became frightened at something by his roadside; and I allowed myself in a moment of recklessness, to be thrown from my seat; and so frustrate was my entanglement, and so imminent the danger, that I think I should have lost my life if those kind friends had not come to my aid. They saved me at mark risk to themselves; and as they were in a place so way, I made them come in for rest and refreshment; feeling sure that my safety at Faversh would not deem it an intrusion upon her hospitality."

"A joy—a joy," Lorinda cried, turning from the baronet to his companions. "You, sirs, are welcome, good sirs—truly welcome, but at this times. When worry or oppressed there is rest for you at Faversham."

Elroy Clifton gazed upon the beautiful being with a delight he had good reason to regret if every; and his only answer was a gathering moisture of the eyes. During the years over which his memory reached he had never heard such music as that voice, nor rested upon such a picture of soul-light from mortal eyes. He had dreamed of such visions—had dreamed of them in his sleeping and in his waking hours—had dreamed of them as the poor wanderer dreams of an Elysium which he hopes he may at some time find. But never before had he been brought within any gold per happifying influence as now beamed upon him from the presence of the baronet's ward. In the moment of his entrance he was gazing full upon him when the emotion was stirring deepest within him; and he thought he may not have seen the depth of his feelings, still there was an electrical influence, and a power in the powerful organization of the youth, which fell upon her with its divine force, causing a quicker beat of the heart, and bringing a softer light to the eye.

In a little while refreshments were brought, and the conversation became general. It was curious how that for guests were sullers—the round host did it from their garbs—and the fair guardian volunteered the information—and she added some pleasant touches to the romantic adventures of ship-board. Durwood threw the burden of reply upon his friend, and Stanton and Elroy when his tongue was once loosed, and his fair hostess plainly signified her desire to hear him, overcame his timid spirit and salutation. The baronet was surprised at the extent of his general knowledge, and the correctness of his reasoning; and, above all, by the purity and choice construction of his language. And so was Lorinda. She seemed to regard all this as a matter of course, and therefore unquestioned his right to the fare and form before her. She had taken her view of the youth before she had ever opened; and his speech did not disappoint her. Her guardian's estimate was just, and she only said he must go.

"Why not you here until morning?" asked Sir Edward.

"Quite impossible," replied the smuggler. "I trust," he added, beseechingly, "that you will believe me."

"You will not forget that Faversh Hall is always open to you," said Lorinda.

Elroy left his companion to answer this, for he did not care to. He turned away to gaze upon the stately form of the fair apartment; and when Durwood joined him upon the there, they moved down the room, and stood by a window a long distance that night; and yet they did not express to each other the feelings which were said about the stirred upon the bosom; and something more than mere friendship had, for they both seemed to think much more than they spoke.

CHAPTER III.

RESTITUTION OF A MISLAID RELATIONSHIP.

After their guests had gone, the baronet and Lady Lorinda returned to the drawing-room, where the latter took a seat at the piano-forte, while the former paced up and down the floor, and thus they did for some time. Finally Sir Edward stopped close by where the maiden sat, and laying his hand for a moment upon her head, spoke:

"Lorinda, are you thinking of the smugglers?"

"Smugglers!" she uttered, with a start.

"Excuse me, my child, for the word. But, since the truth is out, let it be. You—or rather the people over the water—"

"Scrounges!" repeated Lorinda, slowly, and with a strange bewilderment in her tone. "Are they smugglers?"

"Ha!" said, I tell you. Ah—I see. You were thinking particularly of the younger one, Elroy, Clifton, I believe his name is. He is handsome, and I must say that he has fastened himself upon your kind sympathies somehow."

"*A smuggler!*" murmured the mistress of Faversham, betting her eyes droop.

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"Yes—yes," said the baronet, and a quaint expression crept over his features.

"Perhaps," he added, with a smile, "you are sorry that you gave him so free a passport to your hospitality."

"No, no," she replied, shaking off the mood that was upon her, and speaking quickly again. "If he is a smuggler, he is still a man; and, as such, he shall have my sympathies in the gratitude and esteem of Sir Edward Stanton."

"Right, Lorinda!"

"And, furthermore," she added, with a warm glow upon her cheek, "I feel sure that he has proved himself a friend to my beloved guardian, for he has also saved the precious life of one dear to myself. And now, will you tell me more of your rescue—of how you were thrown, and of the well trained that his master had full control over him."

She spoke as though she would avoid, for the time, further reference to Elroy Clifton, and her guardian humored her. She was not disposed to inform her of the exact nature of the danger to which he had been exposed, and so he related the thing from her for fear of exciting needless alarm before the danger was entirely passed by; and perhaps he had some other reason. At all events, he did so, and in a manner much more dangerous than a fall from his horse had imagined; and the maiden went on to tell of his visit to Lonsdale, and of the things he had seen and heard during his journey. At the end of an hour he got up, and began to pace the floor again. Evidently his mind was occupied with more than once he pressed his hand upon his brow, as though in deep thought.

Finally he sat down, this time close by his ward's side, and took her hand. He was very tender. "I have something of the utmost importance to tell you, my child."

She gazed earnestly upon him, for there was a deep meaning in his tone.

"I have been thinking upon it," he continued, "for many hours past, and I have finally reached a solution of what has been to me a troublesome problem. And now I will speak with me; and believe that to me, on all the earth, your good opinion is dearer than aught among the sites of my life."

She trembled, and a tear dropped from her hand, dark lashes.

"Good Sir Edward, I do believe you," she murmured. And yet she did not gaze up into his face. She felt her head remaining where he had taken it, and placed her other upon his simple, heartfelt token of her sincerity.

"My dear Lorinda," he resumed, with more steadiness of tone, "for many years I was a bachelor, weary, heart-broken dweller upon the earth. After my wife and child were dead, the pall fell about me; and, for years, I sought not to lift it. At length your father left you in my charge. You were a bright and fleecy creature then, and I gave you the place which the offspring of my own heart would have occupied, had he lived. While the bright sunlight of your youth beamed upon me, and the silver forms of your sweet voice made music in my home, I had something to enjoy. But, since that I was, I allowed a new fear to darken upon me. As you grew older, and the bloom of opening womanhood grew fresh upon your cheek, and your clearer mind and of power to develop into rich fullness, the thought came that I might see long less you. It was the way of the world, and you would follow it. I knew—you need not speak. I know what you would say, if you had thought of this, and I thank you for the thought gave me pain. I thought what I should do when you, nor your father and Farworth was becoming a woman, and must soon feel a woman's love. I felt that you were no longer a child, and that I might soon cease to have over the place of a parent."

"Sir Edward!"

"Hush, darling. Hear me through." He still held her hand, and gazed fondly upon her, as he continued. "I knew that you were so loved, that husband would hardly recognize a parent's right in the question—guardian or no guardian. I knew that my child, and then—then, all would be dark again. I sought counsel of my heart, and called upon it for help, and sought counsel of my reason, I might have been led into a wrong path, but that was the stone, of all the earth, were left for me to love, and that is the one I chose. I will not deny, Lorinda, that I might teach you to love me in a new way, and that you might be worth of your heart's pure found forever. I spoke to you my love as to a child, and I felt that you could love me so as to be my wife, and you have told me that I thought I was true, and then, and that the sun of my joy was fairly risen. But, Lorinda, I had reckoned without my host."

Lorinda trembled violently, but presently she leaned forward, raised her face and kissed the yours would lead you, through gratitude, to my wishes, but now like from the Elroy."

His tone was calm, and so bounding and free in his question and his manner was that the least unbidding servitude we would impose upon it. As his son of a man who had been the object and drawing of a new relation, that other love which had been given to his child, and which thus I should be left more alone than ever! Lorinda—Lorinda, this won't do.

More closely crept the trembling maiden to his bosom, and her hands reached up to his brow.

"Dear, dear guardian, I will still love you—I will love you more than ever."

"But you would not be my wife?"

"Yes—"

He pressed her more fondly to his bosom, and pushed back the hair from her glowing brow.

"No, no, sweet one, it must not be. I have reckoned wrongly, but I will not be unreasonably calmly. I have no right to realign my guardianship of you. I will hold to you your love with such deliber. Before that, and in the interval, you shall be free to love where you will. The love which you bear me from the pure, mortal-ful affection which my child's hand upon each I have realized."

Sir Edward sifted her from his bosom, and, with her hand as before,

"Lorinda," he said, so solemnly and so truthfully that the maiden felt awed by his tone, "I have passed judgment, and I believe it is true. I have no right to realign my guardianship of you. I will hold to

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

WINTER SONG AT ROSOKEK.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

When but the summer blood thy trees,
And leaves rustle gave
From many a soft harp of the breeze
That trembled o'er the wave,
I only breathed, "For ah-ee-ala
The wealth on this delicious strand!
Ah, not for me! Ah, not for me
The sparkling wave and emerald tree!"

II.

But now when drear and leafless grow
These branches in the gloom;
And waves make mournful undertone
For Winter's mighty wail,
In them I make dark delight,
And, solemn, well-beloved, on the night,
Chanting along each moaning pine
A Poet's melancholy song.

III.

For here how oft in Rosoker's cry,
With dear fond friends I stirred,
Or whiled the lovely hours away
In you Kyatan glade!
But, ah, where are they?—from this shore
Gone ever, ever, evermore!
Not one will here I with me see and flowers
When they repose in supreme bowers!

IV.

Wail, wail aloud, then Winter wild!
Dark billow, give reply!
And let the snow-drift here be piled
Beneath a keener sky!
Thebeton, only give to me
The moaning wave and darkness true
While for the Lost in heavy pace
I chant a melancholy song.

PERILS OF THE WILDERNESS.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

The following incident, related by an old lady friend, who has seen a rich and flourishing city spring up, as if by magic out, where she says, where her solitary cluster once stood, illustrates one among the many perils to which the pioneers of the West were exposed.

"My husband and myself," said she, "were among the first of the Connecticut people who settled in Northern Ohio. He had selected this place, (our fortunate place,) as the most eligible this portion of the shore of Lake Erie remained of his old native home, on the shores of Long Island Sound. Accompanying us were several other young families that, after dreading the rough eastward winds of the lake, chose to make our "location" at a considerable distance from ours, and upon higher ground.

"It was in the spring of 1812 that we reached our 'location,' and my husband, being a young and active man, had soon prepared a portion of land, and got in a crop of corn and potatoes for our winter provision. He also, with the aid of our distant neighbors, erected a log cabin for our shelter, and another for the use and sale of corn, and the few head of sheep we had driven with us from Pennsylvania, as we came West.

"Late in the autumn, after my husband had harvested his corn and secured his fodder, he and I turned to, and devoting our evenings to it, started out a quantity of it sufficient for our winter's supply of bread. With this he proposed to go to the nearest mill, which was at Vermillion river.

"There was then only a 'Mason' mill, though, the woods, and with our slow-footed oxen, it was a journey of several days. But having had a good woodpile, and continuing me to see that the sheep were housed every night, out of reach of the wolves, he started away.

"We had a large mastiff, a noble animal, which my father had given me the day we started from our old home, and Reuben—that was my husband's name—told me I could not be very lonesome with so brave and faithful a companion. But notwithstanding old Pat was one of the most intelligent and social dogs I ever saw, I did feel very lonesome. It was the first time my husband and I had been separated since we married, and the days and nights in his absence seemed very long.

"However, Pat and I got along very well. The fifth day of my husband's absence was very stormy, and on the following I looked for his return. But on the morning of that day, I discovered the ground white with snow, and quite thick, heavy flakes were falling fast. Toward evening the weather moderated, and the snow turning to sleet saturated the surface of that on the ground; and it becoming quite cold, a hard crust was formed sufficient to bear my weight upon it.

"This I knew would detain Reuben; for with his loaded wagon it would have been impossible for him to reach home before he had time to thaw on brook his way ahead of the team. There were sixteen long days before me, and not much concerned on his account.

"I had milked the cows and fed them in the stable, and with the help of Pat had secured the sheep; and entering the house, I commenced to prepare my supper, and make myself as comfortable as possible for an more solitary evening.

"There were banging in the wide throat of our elaborate natural chimney, suspended from one of which I can steaks sufficient for myself and the dog, and cooked them. The juices of the juicy meat steamed upwards through the wide chimney, and filled the room with a perfumed whenever I went to the door.

"Pat and I made a hearty supper, and cleaning up things I went to bed; while the dog, calling himself, in his usual corner upon the hearth, soon lost in dreams, if one might guess by his frequent starts, and the half-smothered growls which broke from his throat. Now and then he would start suddenly to his feet, as if to pursue some imaginary enemy, and then awakened by the motion, would, with a manner of wonder and disappointment, return and lie down to his slumbers.

"I had amused myself watching his motions by the cheerful blaze of my fire, till I fell asleep, and was dreaming of Reuben, when I was awakened by an angry growl of the dog; and on opening my eyes toward him, saw that he had left his sleeping-place. I sprang to a sitting posture, and perceived the animal with his nose to the crack of the door, and with tail erect and bristled back, appeared to be greatly excited.

"I spoke to him, and the dog finding I was awake, made quite signs to have the door opened to him. As I moved toward it he gratify him, I heard pattering steps upon the frozen surface of the snow, and immediately knew that some kind of wild animal was prowling about.

"I opened the door carefully to let the dog out, and instantly had the fact that my evidence the crack to reconnoiter. Then Pat, with another growl, sprang into the night on opening, and with a bound forced his way out.

"The moon had risen, and it was quite light; and to my terror I saw the dark forms of at least half a score of gaunt wolves moving in front of the house; and how many more there were I could only judge by the pattering sounds of those I could not see.

"I closed the door and piled wood against it, and then listened to the sounds without.

"The brave dog sprang among the intruders, and soon a fierce battle was raging between him and the wolves. I could hear his snuffers, growls, as he tore at the throat of some one of the howling brutes, and then hurled him to a distance to grapple with another.

"The noise below from the fight with a truly heroic determination; for I could perceive by the sounds that the wolves, instead of retreating were emboldened by their numbers, and all set fiercely upon him. To be struggled with a determined enemy, and I could hear the wolves howling with pain and anger as they alternately retreated from and returned to the fight. But still their fierce I continued to hear the deep, angry growling of poor old Pat, who thus fiercely beset by the dastard gang, seemed to be a match for them all.

"While with howling heart and excited nerves I stood in the middle of the floor, the battle was fight, I heard a rush of pattering feet, coming from the direction of the stable, and knew that a fresh party had been added to the relief of their kind; and I now forgot all else in my anxiety for my noble Pat. It was impossible for him to withstand all those fierce creatures; and, regardless of my danger, I threw open my Reuben's rifle, and throwing open the door, I sprang out upon the snow.

"As I did this I perceived every foot of the icy coast was eminent blood, and at a little distance a dark mass of the disgusting brutes were gathered in a knot, and fiercely tearing at each other, and an object I immediately knew to be my poor, brave dog.

"Without taking time to reflect upon my own danger, I ran toward the spot, and raising the gun, fired. A yell of agony from two or three of the wolves assured me that I had not wasted my bullet; and then, frightened by the report, and perhaps by the fires of light that streamed broken upon them from the open door of the cabin, the cowardly animals retreated a moment, from upon him, leaving a number of their dead and dying comrades scattered upon the snow.

"Where I had been upon them by my poor dog; and dropping my gun, I ran to him, and carrying the faithful creature in my arms, bore him with towards the house. He was terribly lacerated. But I knew by his wounds that he was not dead. It was a nice for life; for scarcely had I turned towards the house, than the wolves, seeing me retreating, rushed upon me, determined to destroy me and my protector. But I completely absorbed in my anxiety for my dying dog, I flew through them, leaving portions of my dress in their hands, and reached the open door, closed it upon them, and rejoiced the torrents of their baffled rage.

"I had my poor Pat upon the floor, and examined his injuries. They were, in fact, all received his death wounds, and licking my hands as if in acknowledgment of my kindness, he soon expired.

"All the men while, the wolves now having it all their own way, were gathering in great numbers about the door. They had evidently scented the blood of their fellows from a distance, and I could hear them howling with fury outside, in every direction; while frequent attempts were made to force their way through the crack beneath the door. I could see them as they came boldly forward, and then retreated at the shutter; and hearing the iron poker, I punched them with its red hot end, till they howled with pain and fear.

"I must have been engaged thus with my fierce besiegers several hours, for on a brief period it seemed to me, when I heard a scrabbling upon the chimney, and looking up, I perceived that the wolves upon the top of the chimney.

"I ran to the fire-place, and looking up, and locking up, was horrified to perceive four or five pairs of fiery eyes glaring down immediately upon me. The strain of the various had doubtless been attracted by the odor. The chimney was scarcely ten feet high, and had it not been for the fire burning briskly below, the fierce beasts, the hungry brutes would have been upon me before I had discovered their presence above.

"Now, what was I to do? I dared not use the fuel I had piled against the door, for the fierce wolves would have burst through it, and I not yet it was necessary to keep up a hot fire, for the cruising would soon freeze the blood upon me.

"I saw bothenght me of the stone bed beneath the feather tick, and lest no time in dragging it to the fire-place, I commenced to throw out its contents, and throw bundles of it upon the fire. The wolves above, and in the chimney, I could hear the wolves draw back from the heat, and howl with pain as it fell upon the roof. But as soon as the straw had flared up, and the fire somewhat died down, they again sprang once more upon the top of the chimney.

"Thus I kept them away till the last handful of straw was consumed; and then, as the fire began to die away to embers in the cabin, in spite of all my efforts, the wolves returned to the opening, were once more upon the roof, and I nearly extinguished fire. I now had resort to the feather bed, which I cut open with a knife, and kept alive, but the scent of them seemed to make the wolves more furious than ever.

"My fears were now becoming terrible; and despairing of keeping the wolves longer from the house, I cut my petticoat into strips, and beams overhead, determining, as a last resort, to tie myself to the beams, and thus escape being devoured.

"As I looked up, I observed, what I had till then forgotten, my husband's small squirrel rifle, which he had left behind him, and which I had only a charge of small shot. But I remembered the effect of my rifle upon one on the floor, because there was no table or chair on which to load it. Then, as I looked up, I saw it was my surroundings, freeing more and more like wheeling every moment.

"Suddenly the thought flashed upon me that I could load it from above, and cocking the gun, I held it over the chimney, and fell down the charge heavily loaded then I suspected, or perhaps the charge had been too heavy for it, and only a loud report it fell from my hands among the coals.

"At the instant I heard a howl of pain, then a desperate scrabbling and struggling upon the top of the chimney, and then the body of a wolf, with fragments of the gun, came down the throat of the fire, and rolled out upon the floor.

"My first thought was to recover the gun, which was broken in the stock, and with the brass of the still pointing crosses. But seeing the butcher knife still sticking in the wolf, I drew him from which I cut the steaks for supper, I snatched it and turned to where I thought the wolf was lying.

"But the animal had only been stunned by the fall, and recovering, had lain in a corner of the room. I was now alone, and shut up with savage foes, in a space scarcely more than ten square!

"I was about to drop the knife, and attempt to reach the beams overhead, when the wolf, but slightly wounded, and entirely recovered from the fright of his sudden descent, sprang upon me!

"His red eyeballs glared ferociously, and with expanded jaws, from which gouts of blood were dripping, he was upon me. I felt his hot breath upon my face, and then his fangs closed with a burning, tearing sensation upon my bosom!

"I was frantic with terror and pain, and knew not what I did. Only I have a consciousness of

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—EXCLUSIVELY PREPARED FOR THE LEDGER BY ARY. T. PARTON.

THE sun sinks, and the earth closes her great eye like that of a dying god. Then the hills smoke like silent, out of every wood ascends a chorus; the voice of day, the shadows, float around the enkindled evening star, and the soul upon the gray pen-dulo flowers. And the harmonies gulp of the week throws back the echo, and the Sabbath rises with every light. Its beautiful ideas of the boundless lack, the coming hall of nature.

If you have the feeling of hate or revenge, subdue it in a severe process of moral discipline. Let it have no home, no care, no philosophy, and before you know it, it will be gone. It will probably vanish like a volatile substance in the air.

Many thoughtful men have probably some dark fountain in their souls, by the side of which, if they could only find it, and look upon it, they could, in their thoughts sit down and wait unbefriended.

GREAT thoughts are not produced amid noise and strife; the mind's thunderbolts, like the cloud's, are forged in silence and darkness.

IT sometimes seems to us that men are inexplicably called human beings, because they are of all beings the most inhuman.

EVEN if a woman had as many locks upon her heart as the key upon her head, a cunning rogue would find his way into it.

PERHAPS, after all, the truest philanthropists, because they do not cry out, are the least considered, and both less blunders.

AN English paper says that some milners have heard silver on one of the slopes of Mt. Parnassus. They have more somewhere else, and all upon the gay, gem-like flowers.

IF you cannot have friends without continuing to be among them, be one may set to work the trouble.

WE should use our counting as we do our passage—always have it ready to defend ourselves, never to offend others.

THERE seems to be little practical difference between those that wear the coat and those who only wish they could.

A truly philanthropist may be great, virtuous and happy in the depths of poverty, but not a whole nation.

One great reason why men practice so little what they say is the wish to be thought to have more than it is existing.

THERE is as great a difference between what an ambitious man is and what he aspires to be, as between the real and the ideal in human character.

GENERALLY the difficulty with those who "cannot afford" to give away money is not because it is the want of time to express.

Whatever every man expresses an anxious desire to escape from the ship. Assuredly the city has no charms for him.

If the world is to be held together by fabrications of any kind, which are already current, as a good, as the new.

Many ladies never realize the full beauty of the picture's art until they have their portraits taken.

WE have always found explanations quite one who cannot take a hint.

Ingratitude is to be considered as consisting of two classes—for graces and a great many graces.

MANY a rude head diffuses less light than a pumpkin filled with a wicked candle.

THE reason that men can trust effort to disappointment is because they are blinded.

A MAN behind the times is apt to speak ill of the times. Probably they cannot be too severe.

It is better for a lady to be able to make good than to be the mistress of the mere-pin-day.

THE first woman sin was improper indulgence of appetite; the last will be improper denial of same.

LAUGHS, don't scatter their seeds. Tears come from the heart, and reveal secret virtues.

ANY merchant may make his house a centre of light and attraction to its clerks.

IF requires great virtue to support bad fortune—far greater to support good.

Some people are ready to allow till you eat them to the yolks.

THE parish of friendship is better than its self sufficiency.

CURRENT ITEMS.

AT a coroner's inquest, which came off in a town in Illinois, the other day, the verdict in one of the newly apostrous put into an affray, and fought like wild beasts, with tooth and claw, biting, kicking, and gouging each other without regard to consequences. One man had his nose bitten off, another lost an ear in the fray, and a third had his eyes heavenly injured by gouging.

A GENTLEMAN in Indiana, who died a short time since, left a large property, which he had accumulated by the sale of whiskey, on the ground that it was too young and inexperienced to be left to himself. He therefore left the property in charge of his wife, and requested her to sell it.

A PEDDLER was attacked near Trenton, N. J., on the afternoon of the 4th inst., by two ruffians, who knocked him down, and robbed him of all his money and goods. They then left him for dead, but he managed to raise their track, and arrested all three of them before night.

THE Rev. Dr. Cheever, of the Church of the Divine Man, in the summer of 1856, was recently engaged in a revival meeting, in the course of which he was converted and instructed to three months' imprisonment, on a charge of libel.

A GIRL in Oregon was nearly killed, a short time since, by being loaded gunboat of her own. The charge loosening fizzled, the weapon was discharged, the ramrod was shot into the air, came down on the girl, and terribly lacerated her cheek.

A FRENCH lady is said to have been doing a good business on the lines of railroad out West, by going to the depot every day, and selling kisses by the cent-dozen's pocket as he is putting kiss off.

THE Rev. Mr. Hall has received a hundred red cedar in Central Ohio on three occasions within a late period. The last occasion was a present, and was a painting kissoff-bladed floating the present year.

A MAN named Adams was shot and robbed near New Canan, Va., a short time since, by a man and his wife, who kept a house of entertainment.

A WASHINGTONIAN, while hanging out clothes from the window of a house in Second street, west the sun the seven, lost her balance, and was fatally injured.

An aged farmer, who had been to market, was driving home, with a load of whiskey by his side, near Asterville, O., one morning of last week, when he was thrown from his wagon, and, Miss., having become troubled about affairs in general, lately blew out his brains.

A MAN in Boston recently recovered one hundred and seventy-five dollars of the estate of a lady who had bitten him.

It is stated that more than half the cavities in the Massachusetts State Prison are under twenty-six years of age.

THE ice-houses on the Hudson river have harvested a crop of four hundred thousand tons of ice this season.

FOUR children, all of one family, recently died in a Pennsylvania village within a week, of diphtheria.

"Who are you, and how came you here?" I asked.

"I am a lost soul," he said, in a melancholy voice. "Lost forever and forever, and forever."

Again he sighed. Heaven knows I am as unaccustomed to any lawyer can every well be, and love little faith to spare for visions and hallucinations; but there was something so awful in his look and tone, that my blood ran cold, and for the moment I believed that what I had heard was true.

"Why do you ask me?" I managed to say.

"You were to come. You came," said the sad voice. "But will you help me?"

"How can I?"

He raised his arm, and bent down, clasping and unclasping his hands in a strange, nervous way.

"There was blood upon the stairs tonight, I suppose, when you came up?"

"Upon the stairs? Why—no!"

"No! Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"No blood!" he kept repeating. "It is very strange. It is all because I did not go myself. If I had been out, I should have cut her throat myself, and so on, you know; and that would have made a beautiful path to walk in."

I nodded, though my brave died within me.

"You know, her blood is like carmine," he went on, "and I am her cousin, and was to be here—and you might have painted a house with it, and there would be charmed with the colour—would you not?"

"No doubt, sir."

"No doubt—I promise you some. I can find my way to her, only you must lend me through the window. I can't go through there alone—I always was thin if I do."

"What?"

"Clorice—my brother Clorice, you know. It is very odd," he added, in an injured tone, "the minister said he was in heaven; and if that is the case, I don't see why he should always stay in that passage, and keep me from going on."

"Shall I go and see if he is there now?" I said, willing to gain a chance of escape.

"No!" he answered, in a terrible voice, while his eyes began to glitter, and his wasted thoughts seemed to increase as mine gave way; he held one of my hands behind me, and though I felt him off for a time with the other, he pretened upon my throat at last. We had struggled there about five minutes—it was not quite short, but my whole experience I never—shall know how long it was—when I heard a rush upon the stairs—the door was burst open—the man got off me, I was up in a moment, and after him came Jim, who flung himself upon the madman, and bore him to the ground in an instant. I saw no more, for I went into a room from that was almost like death.

When, with much pain and anguish, sense and reason came back to me, I found my eyes were bound—Jim bending over me, holding my lips and my head with his hands and water. I was lying upon the kitchen settle—the gray dawn was stealing through the window, and Trevor sat in a terrible fit in the middle of the floor, waiting for my recovery with an anxious eye. He whirled and swigged his head, and I heard him say, as he held the brandy to my lips; he was pale, and a moment's more after his eyes moved back to me, I rest resumed me without danger on his part.

"Is the madman dead?" I said, as I "got" I asked.

"Take some more brandy, sir. How in the world did you come to be in there with him?"

I told him my story, and he said, "I knew how the other one had been opened for me. He was a long, low whistle, and then added, "Lor!"

"It's mirror's fault—and I often tells her we should do well to have our beds some other place, for all we go on visiting him. It always drives him wild. And to-night she must have gone off and left the door open, for I found it so, and I've gotten to see that the doors were quite safe. It's a good thing you came, sir."

"But why is he, Jim? And why is he here, and how has he a property to be left to him?"

"That's her fault, too, as I tells her often enough. You see, sir, he was born this way not long after they were married——"

"Born this way! Then he is not a madman?"

"Yes sir—I may say it is to you—though every one else thinks he's dead. Except the doctors. He knows. And the doctor. He knows too. He has a long story, and not always plain to under-tar. He went mad two years after she married him, and killed his brother Clorice—because he stabbed him in that little passage, and he never got over it. But it was all hushed up—and he was shut up here, and given out as a mad house. Afterwards they thought he died. But he didn't—and they kept him here, and they still keep him here. I mean to see to the bolts myself, after this. He's fast enough now—and I've got the key of the passage in my pocket. I'm glad animal didn't hear you though."

"And so am I. But Jim I wouldn't stay under the same roof with him another night for millions."

He nodded.

"Oh, he nothing when one gets used to it. Mirror's used to it, and I'm used to it, and it's a saving maiden in charge."

"Saving!" I cried, with some more brandy, and going up to my own room, packed up my portmanteau, and prepared for my journey. It was a relief to me to find myself released and in the house was Mr. Bell, fresh and smiling as the morning, hovering about me with a thousand attentions, little dreaming that I had by chance discovered the tragedy of his life, and nearly paid my own in fetish thereby. I shook hands with him as Jim brought around the fly, and looked at her wondering, waving her kerchief, and smiling at guilty on a girl, when we drove away. Jim looked at her too—then at me—and whistled "Jerk o' Buttocks."

"Strange things happen every day if we only knew them," he said, as he acknowledged the gratuity I presented him at the station. "But for all that, I hopes we shall see you and Master Harrington (no sent summer. I'll take care you'll not be troubled yonder again."

But I never went. Nor visit to Deepwater was quite enough for me!

THE PADDED ROOM AT DEEPWATER.

A TALE OF AN ENGLISH INN.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

It was nearly dark when I reached Deepwater, and I was glad enough to see the "fly" of the Deepwater Arms standing at the door of the station, as I stepped out upon the other.

"Is this the Deepwater Arms?" I asked of a country inn! And the plump, comely woman in the bar-room, with the bright fire burning merrily in the porch, with a great silver tankard of ale in the window, and a "round of beef" and "loaf out of the gentlemen's throat"—what of her? Is this the Deepwater Arms? I repeated, to be sure!

I mentioned, when my pen first touched this paper, that it was nearly dark when I reached Deepwater. And so it was, and the lights in the Arms' inn chambers, had made it still more more dark. The fire had burned low in the bar-room, every fowl had gone to roost, and lamps were twinkling in the kitchen and the hall. Candles in the bar-room, and the landlord, with a red waistcoat the bar, for me, and the sight of a comfortable fire, and a cozy chat with the landlord, made me so hungry that I at once "felt to," and I discovered that I had not dined since breakfast at the Tun Jo by Dreaves was over.

"Now, what will you have, sir?" I ask him in my little parlor below stairs. When I took my candle to go up stairs, the house was shut up. Mrs. Bell had gone to bed with the fowls, and Jim and I could hear my friend Jim snoring on his pallet in the kitchen, while the cinders in the grate of the bar-room fire died out. The landlord was scarcely less fast high, and had it not been for the lights burning wildly about the passages, the hungry brutes would have been upon me before I had discovered their presence above.

"Now, what will you have, sir?" I asked

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1851.

THE CARDS OF NEW BOOKSELLERS AND ONE-HORSE CHECKMATE OF NEW LEDGERS.—We put many cards for consideration by popular and eminent writers, in order to make a great and good paper; and, as a matter of course, we have rejected many. Recently, and, as a matter of course, we have rejected many. Recently, a number of booksellers have sent us cards, in order to engage that the Ledger should advertise of say two sheets.

We always like the Ledger at the expiration of the year, so that we may know what to do with it. We have no cards to exchange, and no favors to ask, except that we may be let alone.

NO VOLUNTEER AGENTS.—We employ no travelling agents. If any person pretends to act as such, you can put him down as an imposter.

We cannot change the address of a subscriber, unless he gives us his former, as well as his present address.

OUR ONE THING.—Single copies, $2 per annum; two copies, $3; four copies, $6; eight copies, $12. Postmasters and others who get up clubs are entitled to the same rates. Payment for the paper, who sends us $12 for a club of eight copies, and sent at the same time, shall receive a copy of the paper gratis for one year. Subscriptions taken for less than six months, at one cent per copy. Clergymen who are not receiving any salary, and who are unable to obtain the subscription, to pay the Ledger, can have a copy sent to them for a copy on every paper. The name of all agents paying $10 or more will be published, as well as the number of copies they may have sent. Single copies of the paper for sale by all the periodical agents in the country.

SOFT PEOPLE.

Nothing is harder to hit than the happy medium. Many people love such an intense and aimless sense of their own rights, that they are always in hot water, always eager in redressing some real or fancied wrong. Others, again, are morbidly sympathetic and weakly generous. They lose all intuitive perception of the feelings of other people, and on instinctive desire to gratify those feelings. They are constantly making victims of themselves. They cannot say, no. If their own rights are invaded, or another cause in conflict, they yield their own rights at once. No matter what trouble and hate, and no matter how hard the heel, they are always ready to say with Mr. Toots, "It's no consequence." This curious habit of mind arises, sometimes, from the idea that being crushed by wakkiful severity is children's sensations. From a defective organization sometimes, from an extreme abhorrence of selfishness; sometimes, from intellectual conception of religious duty. The command which reads, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," sometimes interpret thus: I must love my neighbor exceedingly, and myself not at all.

These soft sympathetic souls, probably, do more harm in the world than any other class of virtuous people. They are constantly stocktaking, and they certainly does give the public a fair stock of promises, in the way of immortal person. He makes other people very careful to observe the rights of their fellows. In fact, our soft friends themselves could not get on at all, but for the aid of those who will not be imposed upon. For example: It is a trick of some of the lower class of runners to attend a quiet street, late in the evening, by suddenly crying out Extra, with unpleasant and boisterous emphasis, from an entrance adjacent to the front door of the quiet family. Then they run off, with the speed of getting rid of at six cents each. Now, your easy-going lover of the tranquillities, and still the story the next day as a good joke. Not so old Brick-a-Brac. He enters his best and gives chase; gets back his sixpence, rallies his boy, and hands him over to the next policeman. In other words he gives a lesson, through the newsboy, comfort a great benefit upon the public, and sometimes has put a complete stop to practice of honesty. And this kind of protection has cost him not the largest spot in the continually affording the class represented by the words, The State. Yet it is Brick-a-Brac's Rights who is called a hard man, an unfeeling tyrant, an intolerable old aristocrat; while the soft neighbor is supposed to be the most "amiable" of men.

"If you make a sheep of yourself," said old Dr. Franklin, "the wolves will devour you." No man has a right to give such encouragement to the wolves. Wolves are the enemies of men. To overcome such wolves a man must make a dog of himself. Then they will not be put to the modest him, and the opinion will spread among beasts of prey, that it is better to let alone a class of creatures who can and will make bones each other, but bold-dogs to those who attack them.

Old Brick's rule is a safe one to follow. Ask nothing you what is right; submit to nothing that is wrong.

OCEAN STEAMERS.

It has been well observed that of all people possessing both old and sailing, the most ordinary helpless are a crowd of landmen when passengers at sea. The most ordinary passengers they should be under proper guardianship and protection. Upon this is the case in all, and evident from the large number of casualties on board sea-going steamers, ruleless solely to a want of this. In the first place, steamers have fall short of their purpose. They provide no adequate means of escaping from a ship from wreck, in case of landing. In fact, while the single condition of the legislation designed to prevent explosions, the passengers on board steamships are pretty much at the mercy of the owners.

Not more than a year ago, the Northern Light, on her way from Panama, came within an ace of being burned, in consequence of some disgusting haughty. A state-room below caught fire from an unprotected lamp. On board that vessel was another *hundred* souls to look after boats, capable of sustaining twenty persons each. "I thought," says an able writer on ocean steam navigation, who was on board at the time, "that the Central America, which thereabouts were then with three hundred and fifty passengers, and of James Birch, the California stage proprietor. The boats had left the ship in such a way they could carry (all the women and children, to the exact story of the poor men who, remained behind be it spoken), and the crazy craft was sending their love and kind to Davy Jones. Birch,' said one, 'get a life-preserver.' 'No,' said he, 'it is useless,' and lighting his last cigar, he sat down, waiting with heroic calm until the waters gushed over him."

All men, however, are not so self-sacrificing as were those on the Central America, and we sometimes hear of women and children being trampled down and abandoned in the panic occasioned by a fire on shipboard. Had the Northern Light been burnt, five hundred and sixty persons would have perished for want of boats!

There is no good reason why a steamship should be consumed at sea. Every steamer should be provided with engines for raising water, of sufficient capacity to flood a fire in any portion of her bulk within fifteen or twenty minutes. These engines should be capable of being attached to the engines of the vessel almost instantaneously, and few if any cases would happen where the boilers could not be kept going until the flames were subdued.

It is expected that the subject will be brought up at the next session of Congress by the steamers and representatives from the Pacific States, and that some general law for the protection of steamboat passengers—a law drafted under the advice of competent engineers and covering all the points of danger—will be submitted and carried through, in spite of any efforts that may be made to prevent such a consummation by the part of owners, whose pockets it might cause to crime.

SPORTS OF OUR CITY BOLTERS

Among the intellectual amusements patronized by some of our legislators and magistrates, are the fighting of game-fowls, fighting of dogs, and rat worrying, no? there is reason to believe that if these sports were not positively encouraged by the interference of the police, they would still more frequently indulge in such classical pastimes. Twice within a few weeks, conventions of these excellent men and their constituents, have been interrupted in sports of this description, and compelled to postpone the decision of their bets to a more convenient opportunity. Still later a sharp shooting match "came off" as the phrase is, at one of the notorious sporting houses which are to be found in Jersey City, but whether this last affair was under the patronage of the authorities or not we are unable to say. As the shots were not audible here, but the contest was merely between men who prepare animals with the express purpose in some sort a trial of skill in a useful and necessary art, it is probable that the police authorities had nothing to do with it. They seem to prefer something more quiet, such as cock-fighting and sporting to pieces of live fowls, dueling between fierce dogs, and, perhaps, the more cruel fleecing and fleying of the pigeon.

The most conspicuous of the ball-making districts in Lancashire, England, prevails a glut and recreation known as "Sunday's morning row." Two fellows make a bet of a gallon of beer or so, and then they proceed to have a row, fashion and all, before the other, and the fun is pertinacious to the greatest distraction of the bystanders. But then it must be remembered that the spectators are there for the purpose, and are boors of the lowest description—fellows who cannot read or write. It seems to us that on the very account they are more entitled to it than the case of men in this enlightened community, who patronize sparring exhibitions, dog and rat exhibitions. When individuals who make any pretensions to refinement, countenance such revolting sports, what can be expected but general demoralization?

SAILORS' RIGHTS.

It is necessary to give to the officers of merchant vessels the right to inflict corporeal punishment upon sailors. The nature of the profession needs to be told how frequently such punishment is inflicted, or with what promptness and cruelty and insult. We do not believe in the necessity. In many instances where it is not mitigated evil, and an evil greater than any that could arise from the abolition. But the subject is constantly brought to our notice by our receiving letters from boys desirous to go to sea before the mast, who write for advice how to proceed. We seldom reply to such letters, because we cannot conscientiously recommend any one to embark as a sailor, as long as he is liable to have to torture and degradation at the hands of arbitrary ungrateful tyrants. Were we to give advice an honest lad from the country, seeing nothing of the world, and desirous to make himself in a situation in which he may be knocked down with a belaying pin, hung up to the rattles, or flogged with a rope's end, by the nature of all wrong to create for itself a seeming necessity, we should feel that we may be struck keeps out of the forecastle all the best men, and keeps the worst on board, and the worse than they naturally would be, by annulling their self-respect. We do not know by heart that a sailor is as completely protected from insult and violence by the laws of this country as any other citizen, and a better class of boys and men would inhabit the forecastle, if such were the noble vocation. This is a matter of the first importance. The reputation of the world into all been powerful upon the sea; for it is only the great seas that produce the great men. Even in the sublime perils of navigation, and who are most enough of heart and limb to subdue the waves and put the winds to their use. Our sailors should rather be the special care and darling of the law, than its victims. If concerns our duties and our greatness, that he should be as completely protected from arbitrary and cruel usage as the most remote zone, as he was in his native village.

SLOW AND SURE.

The river Amazon, the longest river in the world, and which discharges into the sea the largest quantity of water, is, at the same time, the slowest. It falls but one inch in a mile, which you'll would be just as difficult to stop its course, or prevent its flowing, as to compel the sun to go down up the Niagara. That one foot in fifty miles is just a good deal more than enough to make it flow with a rapid current, and to carry the largest vessels that ever floated upon the ocean. Possibly we may do no better than fort opens upon us. Go all hands ready for boarding!"

The order was order commanded to the men, then with a cheer, they sprang into the boats, and were ready to pull away for the new cleanings.

But at that instant, as good fortune would have it, a sudden flaw of wind from the land struck our sails. The little vessel yielded to the breeze; and seeming desirous to draw back from the mad, floated immediately into the channel.

A loud hums now broke from the men, which, regardless of the consequences to the shipping beyond us, provoked a shot from the castle, which passed harmlessly over our heads.

"Away! my hearties!" I shouted to the boatmen. "Get possession of the Englishman, and all will be right!"

While the boats were pulling in the direction of the ship, the schooner, under the influence of the freshening breeze, bore down upon them; and as the boarders clambered up the side of the English vessel, upon the larboard, the privateer ran into the main rigging on the starboard side, thus bringing her between us and the guns of the castle.

I knew that all the fortifications of the port were directed to the seaside of the harbor, and intended to keep under the shelter of the ship till beyond the range of the guns of the shore batteries, as well as those of the castle, as the main fort was called.

We obtained possession of the ship without a struggle, and forcing the English sailors to assist in the working of the ship, soon got up the harbor, and were running through the channel before the enemy suspected the ruse we were playing.

In the meantime the fortunate had become. Our ship lay there with her, moored in the vicinity of the shore, into filled the vapors which had been hanging over the water and shipping, showing to the astonished, and doubtless greatly chagrined people of the place, that the Englishman's ship changed her position, but the privateer also. The latter, they had no doubt, was fled with the prize, and was running down the bay when they discovered us sailing side by side on the inner harbor, the truth seemed to flash upon them—the Yankee was running away with the prize!

The forts now opened upon us, and a line of fire flashed forth from the castle, but without effect; as we were by this time beyond range of the guns. The excitement in the city appeared upon the tongues of load making out from the shipping, and we saw a large number of boats put from the mouths of their cannon; and the heavy roar of the guns came down to us on the wind and among the spars of the prize. Occasionally we heard the whistling and the ringing of the ship, would make an ugly wound in some one of our upper spars. But our hull was comparatively protected by the large merchantmen. Our decks were scarcely on a level with her deep waist.

The breeze continued to freshen as we run out of the channel, and in a few minutes we were beyond the reach of the shot: though the enemy kept firing upon us, as long as we were in the vale.

We hoarded the prize, which had been the means of our wonderful escape. She was seventy tons burden, and mounted eight guns, besides a large number of small arms.

The privateer's boat now came alongside to receive the orders, Mr. Richmond, who had been left in charge of the prize, to follow us into port, and reported that the ship was sinking.

"Then we must be hurrying the English crew, with their effects, on board the privateer: and Mr. Richmond, you must remain with your men, the richly freighted merchantman, when such," lunch, and a staggering motion she a drunken, and I will be down to you, with a crew from the noble prize as his own.

"Ay, ay, sir!" was their singular night adventure, the Yankee was snugly lying under the walls of the fort, in the very jaws of Havana.

AN OLD LADY'S VIEWS OF MATRIMONY.

MR. BONNER:—Many of my friends have been writing to you, not, however, to tell you how much your paper grew brighter as they carefully watch for the coming of the Ledger. I have not, as yet, had the pleasure of writing to you, but will you how much I enjoy reading your "Notices to Correspondents," and, as I am old, and in search of a road of that part of your paper, one can get more knowledge and information than from any other source I am muzzled, than in any other way.

Now, Mr. Bonner, Sir, But you confess so many letters from young men, saying "they are courted by matrons old enough to be their mothers," and wondering "why it is when they pay attention to one many otherwise jealous," that a word of advice to such, I cannot understand why those things should be spoken of so differently from what they are. Why, Mr. Bonner, I am old enough to be your mother, and I am not, you experienced of matrimony.

Mr. Bonner, do love gathers with an old woman, and not love be just as yes. Whose seem like strangers? Is it because the old woman is her of the colors of women or because she has not the power to love? Is it because *she has passed over the meridian of life?* Does love to regard men's years as the child or *principal* object in life, or the soul and mind to happiness. (Don't write any letters to Mr. Bonner, Sir, but write to me, and I will answer them through the paper.) Is it because she has not the power to love, or that of all fixed ways or may not seem, as *life* may not be? Is it because she has not the happiness you seek for? Others give, and none "—enough to wear."

YOUNG AND VERY OLD.

TO THE POLICE COMMISSIONERS

We desire to call the attention of the proper authorities to the assemblages of "rough-looking" characters congregated in front of the manifest he-room in what is known as the Five Points district. This is a locality, with others who have business to transact in the neighborhood, are very much annoyed by the rowdies who are constantly grouped on the sidewalks, corners, and doorways, smoking strong cigars, their breath reeking with the fumes of intoxicating liquors, and themselves and their presence rendering the whole vicinity exceedingly disagreeable. Ought not such a state of things to be abated as a nuisance?

SILVERTHORNE; or, *The Heirs of Chenwold Manor*.—In this story MR. COMB has struck an entirely new vein. The scene is laid in a region in which adventure and romance spontaneously spring up; and the teeming incidents of the narrative are woven by MR. COMB's practised hand into a plot of unusual interest and power. The opening chapters will be found on our first page.

THOUGHTS AS THEY OCCUR.—No. 82.

BY ONE WHO KEEPS HIS EYES AND EARS OPEN.

You must take great satisfaction at those windows of yours, Mr. Bonner, looking one over the Park, the Fountain, (praised be his dryness!) the City Hall and the Astor House. But do you not know that the shoot days grow shorter no longer? Do you not know that the days have an hour strung on, a new pearl at each end, to make the string? It is light now at the hour of the morning when, giving our first turn over, it was, a month ago, dark! On rushing the city six weeks ago, it was the sun had gone down, and all the gas was blazing. But now the lamps are going out, as welcome light, at these lengthening days! They put new spirit in the veins! The chartering days seem walking to a battle; the lengthening days seem making of a bargain. The waning hours we cannot help lie—the waning year brings some of the freshness, the life of summer, over, if pleasant, of harvests gathered, of beauty passed, of the seed of things! And yet winter is fair, so beautiful, full of frolics, full of grim glories, with long nights for nourishing gatherings, for reading, for festive frolics, for apple-parings, buskings, and pop-pullings, for amusements and jollity, that make the old young again, and the young feel that they are all thought of upon fields and blossoming trees; for the winter's mission the often greeted lovers with more earnestness and secret joy, than the bashfully blessing bought, or solemn saints! And yet, the days are not long, Mr. Bonner, in winter. The sun goes down early. The daylight is a precious balsam between two great cereals of darkness! Nothing grows. The earth is frozen. Streams are hiding, as from the sheriff of death. We go to the old haunts with a shiver. Did we ever call the three weeks, "Indian Summer" in it a dream, that by this huge rock and moss we saw the sun go down, and saw all the influences of evening? There, where the rocks of trees used to rise up, we saw, nothing moves, but the swirls of snow. Sleek animals are now in the way, and must not stand on the sunny side of the barn, the very shadow of pleasure. The very bees are dead, and hold up one foot under their feathery petticoats, as if they were. Bird has gone south for a time. And even that most astonishing, and never enough to be celebrated event in a boy's life, the killing of a pig, comes on in winter without eloquence, and as a mere matter of fact, interesting to the family, but not to the manner, to be classed all over the neighborhood as a time of high jubilee.

Yes, short days growing shorter! They keep the soul in human and meditating mood. We stand to see the forces of nature move on without any interest. They are not ours, but God's.

But, slowly, very slowly, new minutes begin to linger in the west! Just a strip of light, and a trimmed off from the morning edge. We scarcely notice it! Only when we look at the bulk of an hour do we begin to mark the day is lengthened!

Then two hours! Ah, it is near to March! Winter is going. Longer and longer grow the bright days! They are the leaving off their woolen garments! They are more gaily dressed at every moment. Do you notice how the sun is getting higher up in Albany? What does that predict? It is the first indication of coming Easter! The tyrant has ceased to forces to cast off the Despotism. Frosts may yet do their worst, but they cannot stay the coming Spring!

Now, watch for the signs! What enormous multitudes of crows are congregating! Are they fiends of the Delaware? Black, are they? Hoarse and negative? But they are not crows! Can you tell what is in the wind? It is February 24th. Now birds must have started northward from Alabama and Louisiana. Robins ogle or cock their eye northward! It will not be many days long lives of duck will be seen streaming, far off in the sky, Canada-ward.

In fact, I feel myself to be spreading. I am turned out, and my feathers are getting out to sing in the bud! Every time I leave the city I see new signs. Yesterday I saw grass in the sun on the road. The tips of many shanks in the swamps have already changed color. This morning sparrows appeared. I am only waiting to see a plough in the furrow, to feel that the season has come, and I am off!

Indeed, I hear that calves are come. There are lambs already dropped. Little sheep-pigs are beginning to appear around in the straw. The hens grow more busy. The cocks are more about as if a new concern were agitating their crowing. Indeed, Indeed, the winter is gone, and before these lines are read the Spring will have come. Let us, then, welcome it heartily. We love you not for what you are, but for the seasons that you bring behind you!

PLEASANT NEIGHBORHOOD.

One's pleasure after all is much affected by one's neighbors, and the most unlucky one may not be on speaking terms with them. A German, living next to us a while ago, had for we than a disconcerted cross one; and a house on the other side of us had a family of children to closed shutters and unsocial blinds, exclusive as the Jews of Jerusalem. We like to see the glancing, cheerful lights through the windows at night, and the social sitting on evening doorgas, gradually creeping from the door to the parlor, stories of the former near us. We like to watch the little children go in the morning to the school, and to meet them, to see a white-robed baby dancing up and down at the window in its mother's absence. We like reading his newspaper there at evening, or any other time the rest of the family are employed, which, though we are no pleasant neighborhood to be sure, is a pleasant neighborhood to resort to, and a pleasant neighborhood to look back upon from a distance, and know that death's angel, while it spared our neighbors, has not taken away the cheerful neighbor. So we miss the white-robed baby from the window-sill, and see the little ones at sightfull home into the house. Sad to see innocent little faces at the window, instead of the window-pane, watching for the dear papa" who has gone to his long home.

FANNY FERN.

THE TIME FOR FRIENDSHIP.

It is curious to think how indifferent are some people of conversation strikingly intended—and by signally affect the healthful temper of others. If we will but open our eyes to the life of each day, we transformed from good-nature to untidily and disagreeable, by the mere fact of meeting in the car of his way—at most till the "wind changes." Those of less sensitive organization have their nerves so out of the Despotism. Frosts may yet do their worst, but they cannot stay the coming Spring!

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REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

A PRIVATEER'S STORY.

The following singular night adventure in the harbor of St. George Town, in the island of Grenada, and the narrow escape from capture of that noted privateer, the "Yankee," of Bristol, R.I., has never come to my knowledge, but is recorded, save in the log book of that fortunate little privateer.

I will therefore tell the story in the words of that brave old commander, as I gathered it from his own lips.

"It was in the last week of December, 1812," said Captain Wilcox, "and while running up the Windward, that we fell in with a Newport cruiser, who reported that the island of Grenada was blockaded by the ports of St. George Town, was at that moment in the occupancy of the Americans. That he had sailed from the port only two days before, and that he had been one of our frigates and two sloops of war, while the ships and stars were flying from the flag-staff of the old fort. The same day I boarded a Spanish brig, the skipper of which had seen the vessels of war sailing into the British port at the time spoken of by the privateersman.

"What object our fleet could have had in taking formal possession of this insignificant place, I was at a loss to conjecture, but that the fact was obtaining fresh supplies. At all events, I was glad to hear of it, as I was in quest of a nest of provisions. I concluded to make the harbor, and purchase supplies at a liberal rate.

It was night before we made the land; but as I proposed to run in with the current of the breeze of St. George Town, I did not fire a gun for a pilot, but kept boldly on into the outer port. The harbor, which is a large one, was all ablaze, ranging over the water rendered the obscurity of the place still more dark, and rendering a couple of casks lengths off. My sharpest lookout could discover no vessels on the look-out, but no vessels were to be seen, as we passed between the two forts on the point of entrance, and the fort beyond, into the smooth water of the inner bay.

As we reached this point, the bugle filling a flash, shower of rockets, and the sudden illumination of a large ship, which I doubted not was the American frigate, and the two sloops of war, received other smaller vessels could to distinguish.

Scarcely had we made this discovery, than the big letters from bay-windows to a narrow one, and the case of men in this enlightened community, who patronize sparring exhibitions, dog and rat exhibitions. When individuals who make any pretensions to refinement, countenance such revolting sports, what can be expected but general demoralization?

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"Away! my hearties!" I shouted to the boatmen. "Get possession of the Englishman, and all will be right!"

While the boats were pulling in the direction of the ship, the schooner, under the influence of the freshening breeze, bore down upon them; and as the boarders clambered up the side of the English vessel, upon the larboard, the privateer ran into the main rigging on the starboard side, thus bringing her between us and the guns of the castle.

I knew that all the fortifications of the port were directed to the seaside of the harbor, and intended to keep under the shelter of the ship till beyond the range of the guns of the shore batteries, as well as those of the castle, as the main fort was called.

We obtained possession of the ship without a struggle, and forcing the English sailors to assist in the working of the ship, soon got up the harbor, and were running through the channel before the enemy suspected the ruse we were playing.

In the meantime the fortunate had become. Our ship lay there with her, moored in the vicinity of the shore, into filled the vapors which had been hanging over the water and shipping, showing to the astonished, and doubtless greatly chagrined people of the place, that the Englishman's ship changed her position, but the privateer also. The latter, they had no doubt, was fled with the prize, and was running down the bay when they discovered us sailing side by side on the inner harbor, the truth seemed to flash upon them—the Yankee was running away with the prize!

The forts now opened upon us, and a line of fire flashed forth from the castle, but without effect; as we were by this time beyond range of the guns. The excitement in the city appeared upon the tongues of load making out from the shipping, and we saw a large number of boats put from the mouths of their cannon; and the heavy roar of the guns came down to us on the wind and among the spars of the prize. Occasionally we heard the whistling and the ringing of the ship, would make an ugly wound in some one of our upper spars. But our hull was comparatively protected by the large merchantmen. Our decks were scarcely on a level with her deep waist.

The breeze continued to freshen as we run out of the channel, and in a few minutes we were beyond the reach of the shot: though the enemy kept firing upon us, as long as we were in the vale.

We boarded the prize, which had been the means of our wonderful escape. She was seventy tons burden, and mounted eight guns, besides a large number of small arms.

The privateer's boat now came alongside to receive the orders, Mr. Richmond, who had been left in charge of the prize, to follow us into port, and reported that the ship was sinking.

"Then we must be hurrying the English crew, with their effects, on board the privateer: and Mr. Richmond, you must remain with your men, the richly freighted merchantman, when such," lunch, and a staggering motion she a drunken, and I will be down to you, with a crew from the noble prize as his own.

"Ay, ay, sir!" was their singular night adventure, the Yankee was snugly lying under the walls of the fort, in the very jaws of Havana.

MR. BONNER AND HIS FRIENDS.

Mr. Bonner is a man of business habits, and he has no time to waste in idle ceremony. He is also a man of strong feelings, and he has no time to waste in idle ceremony. He is also a man of strong feelings, and he has no time to waste in idle ceremony. He is also a man of strong feelings

LOVE AND LAW

A LEGEND OF BOSTON

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

I.

JACK NEWMAN was in love, a common case
With boys just verging upon manhood's prime,
When every damsel wins a pretty face,
Because some bright creature bears a purer claim
Sent by the gods to bless a country town;
A pink-cheeked angel in a painted gown.

II.

JACK was in love; and also much in doubt,
(As thoughtful lovers oft have been before)
If it were best to be or not to be avowed.
Such pain allayed his blushes. On reason's score,
Perhaps 'tis well to say nothing more.
Too deep in love, in figure, or

III.

The lady of his love, Miss Mary Blood,
(Or, if you please, to hide her real name)
Had said but twenty, and to mind herself
That is, to riches—much above her "fame;"
The daughter of a person who had fed,
Already wise, while Jack had bid to wit.

IV.

Her father was a lawyer; neither crazy
In legal lore, but one who stood at fifteen
In former days to enroll his "ten quarter"
To break the fourth or any other rule
Recently in his vocation; though, the fact is,
More by life's practice" (vous sabli) than practice!

V.

A famous man was Blood for sound advice
In doubtful cases; for example, where
The point in question is extremely nice,
And turns upon the motion of a hair;
Or when—which means as often—a client bother—
Justice looks one way, and the Law another.

VI.

Great was his skill to make or wear a plea;
To mould a deed, a settlor regulations,
Or undermine a good one; in bad grit
He knew the subtle science of evasion,
And knew the needful art to plead it down
Through which a rascal might escape the law.

VII.

JACK was his pupil; and (to rather guess
So shrewd a counsellor did not discover,
With all his morning bills of eye and ear,
That this same pupil was his daughter's lover;
And—what would much have shocked his legal tutor—
Was even now gently accepted suitor!

VIII.

Fearing a sea-suit, if the lawyer knew
The case too soon, JACK kept it to himself;
(And, strange still, the lady did the same)
For well he knew the father's pride of pelf,
And all the pleas in science he'd been titled,
Would soon abate his rage to have him indicted.

IX.

For JACK was high-connected and Blood
Had small regard for people who were poor;
Except in his own beauty, good and rich
In short, the man was one of many sense
Who weighs character—high with his own'un,
And thinks a handsome name the successor because!

X.

In fond of civil words, and do not wish
To be uncivil, but, true-designed,
The pace so study in the common rules;
And, when he thinks, he thinks with common laws,
That being over-scrupul of what they are,
They're indirectly reckoned of what they were!

XI.

CUPID to meet the father's cold suspicion,
JACK drew out all his fire in thoughtful hand;
What should we do were we not sanctify an emotion
For all the love we bear to mankind?
And all the more (it seemed his only hope)
That dear case of Cupid—in object!

XII.

A speedy plan to please a penny-a-liner!
But for that interest for the laughing fairer,
Should this brief subject classic be
(Where the law notions an unwitting error)
And here JACK found a subject worthy of his pen;
He might be caught and punished for oblation!

XIII.

What could be do? Well—here is what he did,
As a "first-class" "a lawyer should be said
The whole affair, save that the names were hid
Lest it be partial to betray others,
And thus prevent much use to be seen.

XIV.

"The thing is safe enough, with proper care,"
Observed the lawyer, smiling—"Here's counsel—
Just let the baby manage the affair
Throughout. Hitched, she gets the horse,
And mounts him, unassisted, first; but mind,
Keep your eye on her, and you, behind."

XV.

Then who is the charioteer?—Just suppose
A court and jury looking at the case;
What amount of notice do the facts produce?
They find a some—two riders—and a race—
And you "the deftly" to be sharp? Now be
The dashing damsel ran away with you?"

XVI.

* * * *

Those social sins are often rather grave;
I give such deeds no countenance of mine;
Nor am I say the father (or forgive)
But that was surely a propitious "sign"
On which (in after years) the words I saw
WERE, "BLAME A WOMAN—COURTS, CONSULT THE LAW!"

THE MUTE SINGER.

BY ANNA COTHA RITCHIE.

CHAPTER XII.

RENUNCIATION.

The slumberous eyes of Madame de la Tour did not long remain shaded from the sun passing around her.

One of her beloved lap-dogs chanced to be sailing. Her slave casually mentioned that Ursule professed to be acquainted with a method of treatment which would be very beneficial to the suffering favorite. The next time that Madame de la Tour heard that Honorine was receiving for her humble guests, anxiety for the health of the over-fed pet caused her to send Ursule to Honorine's boudoir.

The apartment was empty; but through the open doors of the conservatory, she beheld Sylvie raising with the Marquis de St. Amar. Honorine, at some distance, assisted by Ursule, appeared to be receiving the confidence of a wheeling bird to the bough from which it had accidentally been loosened.

Madame de la Tour became a looker on, unnoticed. She was already with the department of her nephew towards Sylvie. She marked with what low, inaudible emphasis he seemed to be talking to her; how tenderly he bent over, until his breath waved her flower-like cheek; with what an unpremeditated glee his eyes were riveted upon her animated countenance; and with what responsive earnestness she replied to him, sometimes by rapid and significant gestures, sometimes by tracing a few lines upon her ivory tablets. Could it be possible that the noblemen had so far forgotten himself as to be captivated by this plebeian maiden? To what disgraceful consequences might not such an attachment lead? The ill word must be nipped in the bud before it could expand into its direful blossoms. A mode of effecting this blighting process, which was only too simple, suggested itself to the wily schemer. She would have preferred some more difficult and torturous path, by which her talents for manoeuvering might have been called into pleasant play.

Without having been seen, she noiselessly retired; and, on reaching her own apartment, rang for a servant, and ordered him to seek Ma'm'selle Valette in the conservatory, and say that his mistress desired a few moments' conversation with her.

Ursule, though not a little taken aback by this unprecedented summons, had no alternative but to obey. When she was ushered into the presence of Madame de la Tour, the latter received her with languid hauteur. In her composition there was a large dash of pride and pomposity, which was glanted over by her habitual apathy, until she was roused to action.

Motioning Ursule to be seated, she addressed her coldly.

"Ma'm'selle Valette, I expect the object of this interview to be kept secret—especially from my niece. Even if your word that it shall be?"

Ursule timidly replied in the affirmative.

Madame de la Tour went on, as abruptly as before

"It has always been a difficult task to guide and control Mademoiselle de St. Amar. Impropriate as was her association with a young person of Ma'm'selle Sylvie's condition in life, I allowed my niece to receive her without animadverting my unpleasant remarks. I have reason to believe that this unfortunate girl has been so much flattered and elated by a few unmeaning attentions bestowed upon her, chiefly through pity, by the Marquis de St. Amar, that it is necessary, for her own good, to withdraw her from further exposure to the danger of misinterpreting my nephew's courtesy."

Little cared Madame de la Tour for Sylvie's well-being, but she took her stand upon this sensible ground because it was beneath her dignity even to hint that her nephew could have been inspired with an undue interest in the lowly maiden.

Ursule was struck dumb. It had never occurred to her that Sylvie could regard one so high above her in any light that was incompatible with his rank and her humility. Now a thousand trivial incidents, which had made but little impression at the moments, rushed back her mind, and formed the instantaneous conviction that Madame de la Tour had not understood as an erroneous conclusion.

That lady proceeded a little more graciously, for she was flattered by the evident effect produced by her harangue.

THE MARQUIS DE ST. AMAR'S SCHEMING AUNT.

"To a person of your apparent good sense it is hardly needful for me to explain the course which propriety demands. Your mode of action I do not dictate; I shall only look to the result, which must be a cessation of this too familiar and unmeet intercourse. I perfectly comprehended?"

"Perfectly, Madame." Ursule forced herself to reply.

"Should Mademoiselle de St. Amar inquire why I sent for you, you are to understand that your object in the interview is simply to consult the object of this literature is simply to consult you about my poor little favorite, who is suffering terribly. I am distressed to death about him! My niece informed me that you expressed an opinion, the other day, concerning the proper treatment of my dear Bijou; perhaps I could confer with your advice on the subject."

Madame de la Tour drew asthmatic fierce-like in her sense with an tender a touch as though it were a sick kitten. Ursule endeavored to collect her thoughts, and communicated a prescription which she had received very shortly for canine health. Madame de la Tour was quite excited by the supposed restoration of her lady darling. The less important subject, previously disposed of, appeared to have lured from her thoughts. Ursule, after giving all the medical information in her power, glided towards the boudoir.

With slow steps she returned to Honorine's apartment. The most successful episode of her own life was rising up before her and saddening her more. In her youth she had given up family fictions for one who had proved very unlucky

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had fortunately encountered a few paces from the door.

When Sylvia saw the physician, she sang :

"Can you not staunch this blood? Oh, loss so time or be will die !"

"It is true, then! she has regained her voice! Most marvellous!" ejaculated the doctor, gazing at her in astonishment, without regarding her father.

"For Heaven's sake, lose no time or he will die!" sang Sylvia.

Her bewitching intonation recalled the doctor to himself, and he proceeded to secure the vessel and sew up the wound.

During the process, he asked Sylvia several necessary questions, to which she replied, as before, in singing.

Maitre Bonejen had sunk into a chair, completely overpowered by rapturous emotion. His hands were tightly clasped, his eyes upraised, with an expression of bewilder, and tears ran in rapid showers down his withered cheeks.

Upstairs laughed and cried by turns, yet had sufficient presence of mind to assist Sylvia, who was diligently aiding the doctor, now lifting up the assisted locks which he unsparingly severed from her father's temples, now holding the water and sponge, now sewing bandages and doing simple duties.

Mathieu capered about the room, crying in the ears of every one who came in his way :

"Sylvia has regained her voice! she has regained her voice! Do you not hear? do you not hear?"

The blood was staunched—the wound sewed —the head bound up. Monsieur de Roche opened his eyes, but seeing his daughter bending over him, faintly murmured :

"Sylvie!"

"My father!" she sang, in reply.

"Good Heavens! is that you, Sylvie? or am I dreaming? What is this? Who are these people? he asked, with a confused look. "My daughter, is it really you?"

"Yes, father, it is I!" again she answered, singing.

"And your voice is restored? Gracious Heaven! I am in paradise!"

Sylvia, with a convulsive start that told she had not until that moment been aware of the joyful fact, replied with a trill of such purity, sweetness and flexibility that Bonejen leapt from his seat, violently clapped his hands, and shouting, "bravo! bravo! bravo!" in unconscious ecstasy.

Monsieur de la Roche had lifted himself upon his elbow, and looked out with his old enthusiasm.

"Why, wint a set of miserable croakers you have got here, my dear, doctor! Can you not make a speak? she can sing! She has regained that gladsome voice which you all told me was gone forever! Now all will be right again! What a play that poor mare not quite killed me! Where is Bon's wont; matter; I'm not much worse for the frolic, and she has her equals in the market." As he was speaking on the bandages which had been passed upon the sanction. "Ah, Bonejen, my dear fellow, any news in Paris?" Eh? Bonejen? Grand know at once that Sylvie will sing for him to-morrow-night—when he wants it will you not, child?"

Sylvia, not quite composed, tried to still-a-ble "yes," but alas! the sound died away in a whisper.

With a look of blank consternation, she added, almost inaudibly : "My child! my voice has gone again!"

Then, how they all gathered around her, with the sudden, sickening revulsion of feeling that follows hope dashed to despair!

"Can you not speak? Try—try again!" said Bonejen, tenderly taking the hand, still red with the gory stain.

She shook her head mournfully.

Grief and disappointment seized every lip.

At last the silence was broken by Doctor Bonejen, who exclaimed, as he rose from his chair and just struck him; "you did not speak before you were singing and speaking when I entered. Try to sing again !"

Sylvia looked forth with that beautiful anthem from Handel's "Messiah."—But then didst not leave his soul! and while her entranced auditors listened in dumb wonder, she sang the whole air with the most perfect vocalization.

"This is very extraordinary! The first case of the kind which ever came under my notice! she said the young practitioner, who always talked as though the experience of another was of a contrary or more. "It is obvious that only the vocal chords used in speaking are lacking; those called into action when she sings are unimpaired."

"Her great gift remains! She will be able to resume her profession!" exclaimed Bonejen, in a one abridged sentence of his learned interpretation.

"I am, assuredly," replied the physician.

Who could attempt to describe the holy rapture that visited Sylvia's heart at this moment?

The burst of joy that greeted the doctor's words was evidently checked. Monsieur de la Roche, exhausted by loss of blood and emotion, sank back, insensible.

The doctor peremptorily ordered the apartment to be cleared of all but Sylvia, her mother, and Ursule.

Bonejen and Mathieu seemed inclined to linger, not from any deep interest in the patient, but because they could not forego the pleasure of again hearing Sylvia's long-silent voice. An imperative gesture from the physician caused the musician to seize hold of the hunchback, with a rough forgetfulness that showed the power of union was drawn closer by this mutual joy, and hurry with him out of the apartment.

Monsieur de la Roche was restored to consciousness with difficulty, and when his heavy eyes once more unclosed, he saw his breast swell slowly through his white and puzzled lips, it was apparent that his mind wandered, and his eyes gave indication of fever.

Madame de la Roche was almost exhausted for her piteous lamentation.

"Alas! alas! the shadow of a joy never comes to us, except hand in hand with a tangible sorrow!"

Dr. Rouvaire administered an opiate, and gave some orders that the patient should remain undisturbed. He soon sank into a heavy slumber.

Sylvia, in passing the old piano, so long closed, threw it open by an irresistible impulse, but withdrawing her fingers from the keys and the yellow keys, she softly closed the lid again, and stole to her own chamber to give full but heart vent in that holy communing that heightened her every joy and lessened her every sorrow.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

A BACHELOR'S REFLECTIONS.—I wish that I had been married thirty years ago. Oh! I wish a wife and a half a score of children would now start up around me, and bring along with them all that affection which we should have had for each other by being early acquainted. But as it is, as he present state, there is not a person in the world I care a straw for; and the world is pretty even with me, for I don't believe there is a creature in it who cares a straw for me.

TO THE FALSE-HEARTED.

BY HERMIONE.

Then sayest well; I know I "have no claim"
To think human love shall ever be mine own:
My hope was in the honor of your soul,
Which you have overcome false and base.
But if there was no act in your heart to scroll,
Two fellow souls had met and known their own.
The shallow and the cold to understand
What God's high laws command you to behave;
His pure sanctity it will require his love.
You first cracked, then veinly sought to lift;
You near the souls, and the heart above.
The upright way each promise to fulfill;
If this is the true manner of man's love,
Not there does what I loved and trusted dwell;
Not there the heart I thought I gave myself:
If not God help you, Richard! fare you well!

THE YEOMAN.

BY EDMUND BENKETT.

On the afternoon of a bright spring day in the latter portion of the twelfth century, a young yeoman was busily engaged, with bow and round-headed arrows, in a noble English forest standing somewhat out of the common way. He was shooting at a mark, made by notching a large tree; and with no very considerable success, for his arrows shattered the bark for a considerable space around the notch, without striking the notch itself. Time after time he adjusted his arrow, pulled the string to his ear, aimed long and carefully, and then let fly at the mark; eagerly following the course of the arrow with swift messenger, only to see it knock the bark from the tree.

At length, after firing his quiver of arrows over and over again, he seemed bent upon making a last despairing trial. Fixing his eyes of his arrow with unusual care to the string, he let it go with more than usual force, and then with a look of triumph he turned to the tree, to see the arrow had sped, as before, with unerring precision, over the tree, and was lost in the distance.

Having thus delivered himself, he proceeded to strip the arrows from their manner of holding the quiver, drawing out the arrow, and seeing the notch of the arrow spring neatly and smartly from it, when he placed it in the quiver, and commenced a similar progress. As the end of that time, the yeoman had put up his bow, and arrows and quiver, on account of the twilight; so they pretended to be.

"And pray," said Richard, "to whom shall I prefer my claim to your hand?"

"To one, for whom your father performed a service, and whom he loves as a son, and will not forget. He had not sufficient opportunity to express his gratitude to you, but I am sure he comes to repay the favor through the sons. This is all I can tell you, Richard. Meet me at noon-to-morrow three hours before sunset, and we will practice more."

With these words the stranger passed into the forest, and Richard, not knowing what to make wonder at the incidents of the afternoon, and with a buoyant hope that he should yet outwit Lord Hugh for the hand of the fair Matilda.

The reader has gathered, from the conversation carried on between Richard and the stranger, some satisfactory to suggest what I need not tell you, that the fair Matilda was not insensible to the young yeomen were correct. He, however, in the commencement of his courtship, hid the weaknesses of the father of Constance; for he not only knew her to be a child of love, and the weaknesses he really possessed were such as would be easily worked upon by the

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His daughter had begged him, with all the tearful eloquence which a daughter, under such circumstances, could command, to make provision for us a widow, which originated in the mind of hard-hearted and unprincipled man. He cared no man's work pokiss, which he can sense were his strongest points, were entirely under the control of his daughter, and that she could easily make the best of the advantage he had attained. Of the stranger, together with his name, he had no means and prayers at his daughter, nothing but an expression of the wishes and prayers of the child, uniting herself against his authority. And, moreover, he was aware that Lord Hugh was at with strong favor on Richard, whom, through their intimacy, he knew to be a youth of spirit, with strong ability, if not with positive brain. Considering, therefore, that the only chance on the part of Constance was looked upon as so impossible of success, he had no serious opinion of the old man's heart than softened it.

On the following day, the meeting between man and the stranger met according to agreement, and practiced with remodeled. Richard was delighted with his progress, and as he was under no stake for the father's place. And so they continued for several days, during which time they lectured by considerable excitement, especially on the part of Richard, who was encouraged to suppose to enter into a debate with one of those who had been the cause of his misfortune.

At length, with considerable pomp and circumstance, the father, accompanied by his daughter, entered the grounds appointed for the selected train. They were both supported; one leaning from the arm of a strong stroke of palsy, and the other from the effects of an almost broken heart. They were both accompanied by a sort of throne, from which he was to preside over the sports, and the latter to be crowned by his side. The attendants exclaimed thousand voices, each endeavoring to express the fancy of the old man.

The hour was appointed for the trial began. The mark was set up at the proper distance, and the bow, with the other implements used for the low each other was arranged. By ceremonies, the knights and squires were to contend. Lord Hugh managing to precede Richard, calculating, with his usual sagacity, that his own excellent shots—for he rarely made indifferent ones—would so excite his rival in his anxiety to excel them, that what little skill he believed his possessed would be exerted at an inconsiderable disadvantage, for nervousness in nice archery is as but as it is in shooting with the rifle.

Several had entered the lists; and as one succeeded another in the trial, each firing three arrows, the spectators manifested the most intense interest. Many fine shots were made; and as often as one was unusually fortunate, a general shout expressed the pleasure of the people. The arrows were pointed, for the old man said he wanted "every shaft to be its own mark." and they were removed as fast as they were shot, to construct the target, their places being properly designated.

At length came Hugh's turn. With confidence and promptness he delivered his shots, his arrows striking well toward the centre of the target. A loud shout went up from a great portion of the people; the old man rubbed his trembling hands, exclaiming: "This is the son of Hugh!" while Constance turned as pale as death. Her own and Richard's friends gazed on the stranger with cowls and compressed lips, and in spite of all his efforts to remain calm, Richard's countenance, and the blood rushed painfully to his face. He succeeded in somewhat composing himself, however, and stepped, with as much confidence as possible, to the spot from whence he was to shoot. Carefully adjusting his first arrow, he pulled the string, but again retained it, for he found he was not in a proper state to fire. Then, to the people, as well as the old man, manifested impatience, he drew again, and let fly. The arrow flew, and struck the outer rim of Hugh's three arrows by a considerable distance. Adjusting his second arrow, he deliberated it with awhile to collect himself.

The lovers fallow for middle of the stranger's course voices from the crowd. "How many fingers would you run before he would get ready to shoot it?"

At this last taunt, Richard sent this arrow more wildly than the other. Many of the people, and Lord Hugh expressed their dissatisfaction by still deeper mowls; Hugh rubbed his hands with more and grisly smiles; while Constance, poor girl, appeared as if her last hope or strength remained to sustain her longer.

Three courage, and remember my instructions!" uttered a voice, sounding voice behind him.

Turning hastily around, he beheld the stranger, dressed in green, and equipped with bow and quiver. A single sign warned him that he must first no surprise. Instantly the calmness of his self-possession forsook him, and the excitement of his own nerves. Waiting a few moments, in obedience to the hasty signal of the stranger, he adjusted his arrow, and, with a steady hand, and with a steady hand. With a quick, prompt motion, the arrow left the cord, and flew amidst Hugh's best, nearly piercing the centre.

A shout arose from all sides. The friends of Richard and Constance, and from the great mass of the people, in which echoed and re-echoed among the hills and woods; Constance leaped to her feet with the sudden revulsion of feeling from despair to joy, and fell fainting into the arms of an attendant.

"Who is this people? He's won the prize?" arose from the spectators; and then again they commenced their applause to the hills and woods.

Hugh turned pale with rage.

"It's false! By all that's holy, It's false!" he exclaimed. "Such a knave yet proclaimed victor! "Ralph!" he cried, catching up to the old man, "Ralph! Ralph! Ralph! Ralph! Ralph! Ralph! Ralph! on a slip of that base knave's bow!"

"It is a fair shot!" cried a voice from the crowd.

"It is a false shot!" retorted Hugh, as he received Hugh's sword with fierce.

"So said the gentlemanlike!"

"Who is this meddling old man?"

"The best shot wins! So thou hast pronounced it!" leaped from the crowd, almost simultaneously.

Hugh saw his mistake in giving way to his passion. He became calm.

"But," said he, in a mild voice, "Ralph wants the arrow for his collection. Let the stranger approve a man the best archer?"

The stranger, and the manner of their delivery, began to affect a number of the spectators, who, in their turn, were silenced.

"Allow me to enter the lists, and by the time I am through, your minds may be more clear," said the stranger, in a calm voice.

"You can make the shot?" asked the old man, eagerly, glad for a little respite.

"I can," was the reply.

"Let him try, then!" shouted some of those who had been affected by Hugh's wily words.

"I am willing, if my friend Richard is," said Hugh, glad to regain the good will of the people by his generosity, which was only assumed for a momentaneous of feeling in favor of Richard, who, being now stronger with the people, who still remained undecided by his last words, looked on for the conclusion of further proceedings his protestations at that time. Moreover, Hugh, Richard, and my other winner of the prize was better than he.

Richard assented, for he knew that he had nothing to fear, being assured both by the stranger and himself that the arrow could not be dropped in his ear.

"Then let him enter," uttered old Ralph, with faltering dignity.

The stranger advanced, and with scarcely an aim, rapidly discharged three arrows into the target.

"Those are for the brave yeomen yonder," he said, nodding toward Richard, and then disappeared in the crowd.

All were surprised at his conduct, but when the arrows came to be closely examined, surprise changed into wonder. The arrows, which had been shot with such rapidity, had split the first made semi-circle around Richard's lucky shaft, and, each being about a quarter of an inch distant from it, and yet leaving it still nearest the centre.

Three remarkable shots, together with the testimony of the green dress, caused the truth to burst on the minds of those nearest the target.

"ROBIN HOOD!"

This cry spread from the target to all parts of the crowd, as the sound of the approaching tempest spreads through the forest. Each man involuntarily shrunk from him—he was not the object of his search. The stranger had disappeared.

It is hardly necessary to add, that Hugh was obliged to succumb to the overwhelming cry of the multitude. Richard was declared victor, and the ceremonies, in which circumstances the old man was compelled to join. Robin Hood was a great favorite of his, as he was with the people generally, and the recent incident only served to fix his presence in their minds. And he was in reality not without a goodly share. He was obliged to acknowledge this Richard his fairly won his daughter, according to his previous promise. Richard offered to try again with Hugh, but the people would not hear to it; and old Ralph confessed their determination was just. And so he allowed them to lead the young yeoman to Constance, (who had now recovered, though sitting, as it is unfashionable—) was serving to comprehend the happy conclusion of the to her long-drawn trial) join their hands.

And conduct them to his home, with as much pomp and circumstance as when the train entered the green, and with far more joy; while Hugh wandered away in an opposite direction, a lonely, disappointed, and unhappy man.

For long the happy couple were found in those firm and holy bonds, which so felicitously close the trials and sorrows of this world; and the old man learned to love his new son as well as if he were of his own blood.

The young yeoman became established as the first archer between Sherwood and the Avon; and he ever remained a steadfast friend to the stranger of the forest.

MOSES ORAN,

OR,

"THE BURGLARS' NEST."

BY GEO. CLARENCE BLANCHARD.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SYBRINE ONCE MORE.

"What a dreadful thing burglars are to be sure," observed Mrs. Platt a few evenings after the occurrences of the incidents alluded to in our last chapters.

Mrs. Platt was occupying a rocking chair in her sitting room, quietly knitting, while Fanny was busily engaged in front of the window, shewed in her own private reflections; her rosy cheeks have grown a much paler since we last saw her, and her liquid eyes have even a softer and more pensive cast.

The exciting scenes of the burglary, and Mr. Sebrine's wound, might have made some impression on her delicate, sensitive organization; but it was not that that had dimmed the roses; it was something else, fair reader, which you can readily guess. Fanny was thinking of Osborne; he was still in prison, and her anxious solicitude for him had conjured up a host of vague apprehensions, of all that could possibly befall herself decidedly unhappy—and why should she be so interested in this youth?

She had heard at last that it was he who had rescued her from Sybrine; it was the same who had, by a timely warning, preserved them from the burglary. It was the same gentle youth who had thwarted the machinations of unprincipled men; and in the midst of all this, he had risked his own reputation and life.

Gratitude is a dangerous feeling in women's heart. No sooner is her gentle, susceptible nature awakened to it, than it soars at once to its love.

If the truth must be told, our heroine was already desperately in love with Osborne, and unconsciously to herself, commenced to do what was serious enough, as many others have been before her, to mistake it for gratitude; but we are digressing, so let us proceed with our narrative.

"What a dreadful thing burglars are to be sure," repeated Mrs. Platt, looking up at her daughter, as if some response was needed from she, child, who can be the matter with you Fanny? I heard he was elevated last night, I believe, I should say you was mourning for Mr. Osborne, you look so sad and pale; but it is very proper for you to be serious, my dear, as he is in great danger—I must say I feel for him myself when I think of those dreadful burglars. Mr. Osborne is a very handsome young man, and then it reminds me so of Jerry, and I always feel for those who are in trouble out of patience with you."

"Aunt Susan," interrupted Fanny, coloring deeply, "I told you yesterday, that I'm not a burglar after all, and that has made him quite a favorite with you."

"The best shot wins! So thou hast pronounced it!" leaped from the crowd, almost simultaneously.

Hugh saw his mistake in giving way to his passion. He became calm.

"But," said he, in a mild voice, "Ralph wants the arrow for his collection. Let the stranger approve a man the best archer?"

The stranger, and the manner of their delivery, began to affect a number of the spectators, who, in their turn, were silenced.

"Allow me to enter the lists, and by the time I am through, your minds may be more clear," said the stranger, in a calm voice.

"You can make the shot?" asked the old man, eagerly, glad for a little respite.

"I can," was the reply.

"Let him try, then!" shouted some of those who had been affected by Hugh's wily words.

"I am willing, if my friend Richard is," said Hugh, glad to regain the good will of the people by his generosity, which was only assumed for a momentaneous of feeling in favor of Richard, who, being now stronger with the people, who still remained undecided by his last words, looked on for the conclusion of further proceedings his protestations at that time. Moreover, Hugh, Richard, and my other winner of the prize was better than he.

Richard assented, for he knew that he had nothing to fear, being assured both by the stranger and himself that the arrow could not be dropped in his ear.

"Then let him enter," uttered old Ralph, with faltering dignity.

The stranger advanced, and with scarcely an aim, rapidly discharged three arrows into the target.

"Those are for the brave yeomen yonder," he said, nodding toward Richard, and then disappeared in the crowd.

All were surprised at his conduct, but when the arrows came to be closely examined, surprise changed into wonder. The arrows, which had been shot with such rapidity, had split the first made semi-circle around Richard's lucky shaft, and, each being about a quarter of an inch distant from it, and yet leaving it still nearest the centre.

Three remarkable shots, together with the testimony of the green dress, caused the truth to burst on the minds of those nearest the target.

"ROBIN HOOD!"

This cry spread from the target to all parts of the crowd, as the sound of the approaching tempest spreads through the forest. Each man involuntarily shrunk from him—he was not the object of his search. The stranger had disappeared.

It is hardly necessary to add, that Hugh was obliged to succumb to the overwhelming cry of the multitude. Richard was declared victor, and the ceremonies, in which circumstances the old man was compelled to join. Robin Hood was a great favorite of his, as he was with the people generally, and the recent incident only served to fix his presence in their minds. And he was in reality not without a goodly share. He was obliged to acknowledge this Richard to be fairly won his daughter, according to his previous promise. Richard offered to try again with Hugh, but the people would not hear to it; and old Ralph confessed their determination was just. And so he allowed them to lead the young yeoman to Constance, (who had now recovered, though sitting, as it is unfashionable—) was serving to comprehend the happy conclusion of the to her long-drawn trial) join their hands.

And conduct them to his home, with as much pomp and circumstance as when the train entered the green, and with far more joy; while Hugh wandered away in an opposite direction, a lonely, disappointed, and unhappy man.

For long the happy couple were found in

"Why, aunt, I never was a quite rogue with you," said the young gentleman, "but I'll tell you all another time, and then you shall say if I am sure I don't bear him malice for deceiving me, and not telling me who he was when I discovered him; and I daresay he's very penitent for being so rude to me, and he or no returns he'll come out right. I don't see any dear," continued she addressing her mother, "what difference it may be in, why they keep him in jail?"

"Because he deserves to be proved, aunt," returned Fanny, with a slight air of vexation.

"Well, I only remember the incorrigible old lady, "I won't say anything further about that; but I repeat, I remember, you told me, that he was a burglar by accident, or something of that sort,

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I am sure Wilton has a hand in this, but I must now start off to the lawyer; so, Fanny dear, run and get my carriage and hat."

Fanny cheerfully complied with his request, and having executed his daughter to keep her spirits, he departed forthwith to the residence of the late John Torleton.

As soon as he reached there, he was ushered into the library.

It was now dusk, and the apartment partially darkened. A tall form rose on his entrance.

Mr. Van Cleeker was just in the act of making a profound bow, when the stranger advanced towards him with extended hand.

"Have you forgotten your old friend?"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the startled old gentleman, "that voice I should know anywhere. Wilton Gray—"

"The same," returned the nobleman, embracing him with frank cordiality. "You have not forgotten me, then?"

"I never dreamt that I should meet you here," returned Mr. Van Cleeker, still retaining his old friend's hand. "I came to meet the lawyer, Morris Cleeker."

"You see him before you now," rejoined Lord Lennox, smiling. "I am he. You must overlook my peremptory note; it was an urgent case, and my pleasure surprise."

"My dear friend," exclaimed Mr. Van Cleeker, *forgiving*, "so you are the one who has me in his power. Thank God, it is no one else."

"Do you speak of it," returned Lord Lennox, with coldness. "I have known about it long, and had, some time since, determined upon not only releasing you from this troublesome bond, but on wiping your daughter from the memory of marriage."

The nobleman then proceeded to state how, having found some of Torleton's private papers, and accidentally overheard a part of their conversation, he had thus been led to a clue to his motives. The rest of their circumstances have been already detailed to the reader.

After he had concluded, Mr. Van Cleeker warmly pressed his hand.

"And for all this, my friend, how can I ever repay you?"

"By never mentioning it again," returned Lord Lenny, smiling; and then he added, in a more serious tone, "I am at present weighed down with a responsible care. Were it not for that I have been searching for the child of my unfortunate brother. Wilton was after, very much knowing his lawless character, I forbore to seek out the boy, fearing, in his malicious disposition, mischief might attempt his life."

"Your motive is really good, then?"

"I think so," returned Lord Lennox, thoughtfully, "at least I suppose so, from the information I received. I am positive of one thing, that my misguided brother was privately married and had a son, though what became of the boy I have never been able to discover."

"How do you know that he is not dead, also?"

"Some time ago," rejoined Lord Lennox, "my mysterious uncle was sent me, assuring me the boy was living. Although I made every possible attempt to find him out, I could not gain the information, I could not succeed in ascertaining anything further. Yesterday I was more surprised and gratified to receive a note from a Mr. Duffy, who states that he can give me important information. Any how, I think I am in the right track at last."

Suppose your young hair should turn out a bad character?"

"Well, then, we must reform him," returned the nobleman, smiling. "I suppose it is my duty to find him, and while a shadow of hope remains, I shall never cease to seek for him. But come," added he, taking his friend's arm within his own, "dinner is waiting, and I have for you on purpose to have you help me to eat it. Whether you are an advocate for late dinners or not, I shall positively take no refusal."

So saying, his noble friend led him into the dining-room, where a feast, such as Wilton was and a very simple, plain repast spread.

"You see I am not an epicure," observed Lord Lennox. "I live cloudy, as noblemen should, which you have not, my Republican friend."

Mollusing his friend to be seated, Lord Lennox in an easy, unceremonious manner, did the honors of the board, and cheerfully engaged in several times with Mr. Van Cleeker.

How pleasant is the reunion of old friends! Youth is renewed, and our hearts grow young again in recurring to the scenes of our youth, bringing to memories that have been slumbering and unstarred for years.

Lord Lenox had so many anecdotes to tell, so many reminiscences to recall, that the time he passed slipped by. When Van Cleeker arose to take his leave, his kind friend whisper ed in his ear:

"Tell your little daughter that her black eyes have prevailed over Mr. Torleton's indifference, and she is once more heiress of the Van Cleeker honors."

CHAPTER XXIX.

EXPECTANT BRIDEGROOMS.

After Mr. Van Cleeker had taken his leave, Lord Lenox passed the remainder of the evening in the apartment of Mr. Detective Duffy. To begin the time, he took out a package of letters, and seated himself comfortably before them. There was one dated 1818, written in a delicate female hand, which he passed over and perused a specie of interest awakened by some kindred association. Let us look over him as he reads.

The note run thus:

"I do not know how it is, but every day and every hour, with its passing events, only serve to instill me of your virtues, and increase the affection of my heart for you. I wish you not for your long duty; for I am persuaded you would be separated from your bed of sickness, but for cruel necessity; but why, dear Moss, do you neglect me? Each packet that arrives from you with the same loving token of your remembrance, a step this, your mother is welcomed with joy, while I am left to forgetting your existence with."

"Moss, as his lineal name, with a treasure of his soul into Osborne. Your loving wife and child await your coming."

"Strange, strange," muttered Lord Lenox, relinquishing the letter back to his pocket, "if that boy Osborne can be found, the Orion estate will be safe. The time is nearly expired, and I shall have to resort to violence, accomplishing my purpose. I wish this Mr. Duff would come, if his information is really so important."

The impatient nobleman was soon gratified by the arrival of the detective.

Mr. Detective Duffy had not quite lost his sanctum, cunning expression, but the decent feelings of resentment seemed stowed, his eye no longer sparkled with that spirit of revenge noticeable a month ago.

Lord Lenox rose on the entrance of his visitor, and welcomed him with his usual urbane politeness.

"Mr. Cholev, I believe?"

"The same," rejoined Lord Lenox, motioning him to be seated. "Your note, which I received yesterday, gives me to understand that you are in possession of important facts touching the whereabouts of the heir of the Orion estate. I have positive proof that a legitimate claimant to this property is now living, and I am naturally anxious to ascertain where he can be found."

"Anything that I can state," replied Mr. Duffy, "that will tend to throw additional light on the subject, will be most cheerfully given. From the substance of your advertisement, I presume you have Moses Orion in view?"

"Undoubtedly," returned the nobleman, with interest. "Do you know anything in the country?"

"I do. *He is yet living.*"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Lord Lenox, flushing slightly. "How do you know this—how can you prove its truth?"

"In the easiest way. You have heard of the notorious Tourtil's gang?"

"What the one that attempted the burglary at Mr. Van Cleeker's?"

"The same," rejoined the detective, calmly. "*The Tourtil and Moss Orion are one.*"

"Oh, God! impossible!" ejaculated Lord Lenox, excitedly. "You speak without knowledge; you cannot prove it. Depredate as he may, he never could have allied himself with thieves and vagabonds."

Mr. Detective Duffy grand at him in profound astonishment.

"It is your brother, then?"

"A relative," replied Lord Lenox, coloring, "but his evil deeds were known to my family. The crib report; I never will believe it."

"Mr. Cole Orion, or wherever your name may be, this burglar cited, this bold outlaw, who recently murdered a servant and robbed him, escaped from justice, is Moses Orion, from Moss Cottage, England. I know it is my own."

Lord Lenox buried his face in his hands; then slowly resuming his old position, he inquired in a calmer tone:

"You know the family—you have heard of them, you can tell me where I can come best acquainted with this?"

"I know of the family," returned the detective, gloomily: "as lewd, of the Moses Orion, there have been many rumors, but I doubt not worse; but, thank God! I was mistaken. When I was first started following these villains, I had a variety of misleading leads, and, consequently, much confusion, and, consequently, much confusion; call it revenge, if you please, but I was glad to see the nobleman disgraced from justice, in Moses Orion, from Moss Cottage, England. I know it is my own."

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It was Lord Lenox's turn now to be surprised.

"He wronged you, then?"

"He!" repeated Duffy. "I never knew what injustice was till that man crossed my path."

"Injustice!"

"Aye, injustice. Before I ever saw him I was a happy, prosperous man."

Duffy laid down his head, with strong lateral emotion.

"Come, my friend," said Lord Lenox, kindly, "let us understand each other better; I perceive we are both under some misconception in this strange history. If there is a mystery, let us, by mutual confidence, unravel it at once."

"I will make you to discomagle it," returned the detective. "You, my lord, have been supposed dead, to my most unhappy *non-in-law*—"

"Heavens!" exclaimed Lord Lenox, interrupting, "*Phillip Hawkins?*"

"I am that person," returned the detective, sadly. "For the last twenty years I have lived in this world, animated with but one thought—vengeance. Little did I dream, when I took young Orion into my employment, that I was introducing to him the hospitalities of my own home, that I was introducing a viper to my bosom, and that in so doing I was but one child—beautiful, fair-haired creature—and beloved I was not."

Duffy covered his face with his hands. During a brief absence from home they eloped, and not until then did I discover the diamond among the rock. He had been in the habit of using large sums of money in the way of business, and I, in this way forging some notes of mine, had uttered them. He had a knowledge of my hand, and the deception was complete. I made an attempt to get the plate again; but the scoundrel could not be found. He seemed to have disappeared with his money. For several years I could not discover traces of him, till finally I heard he had settled in a formidable association of burglars. With the resolution of finding him, I forsook my business and assumed the calling of a detective. On one occasion, in pursuit of a band of robbers, one of the burglars, I came near being assassinated by the very one whom I had so unconsciously befriended and encouraged, I made an attempt to find the place again; but the scoundrel could not be traced. He seemed to have changed his name, remains to be told. In an accidental manner I met with Tourtil, and, supposing I had made a mistake, and that Moses was in reality married to Eleanor."

"And how did you discover this?" inquired Lord Lenox eagerly.

The detective proceeded to give a succinct narrative of Mr. Orion's revelations.

"Where does this woman live?" inquired Lord Lenox, when the detective ceased his discovery of young Osborne."

"Why?" inquired the detective, with a seldom flash of thought.

"Osborne is the name of the boy."

"I have it!" suddenly exclaimed Phillip Hawkins, excitedly. "Can it be possible? Is it so, my lord? Is it so in you?—the son of Jen—"

"Perfectly," returned Mr. Mandon. "I am sorry I mentioned it; it was a tragical death. He told me then his name, and discovered the relationship between him and my gang."

Lord Lenox suddenly rose from his chair, and paced the room hurriedly.

"Mr. Detective Hawkins," continued Phillip Mandon, "and was struck, the moment I saw him, with the strong resemblance he bore to Eleanor. The eyes, the mouth, the nose, the expression—they were the same. I could not help but feel a sympathy for him, though he was a burglar, and I was a detective. I was about to reveal to him the mystery of his own home, that I was introducing a viper to my bosom, that I was in fact his father, when I was called away on business, and before I returned he was dead."

"Dead!" exclaimed Lord Lenox, flushing slightly. "How do you know anything to the contrary?"

"*I do. He is yet living.*"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Lord Lenox, flushing slightly. "How do you know this—how can you prove its truth?"

"In the easiest way. You have heard of the notorious Tourtil's gang?"

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THE MEETING.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

Ah would that our first meeting, Isabel,
After thy absence of long months had been
Not in this scene of mirth and revelry,
But in the lovely leave, or in the deep
Unbroken solitude of some old wood.
Beneath the blue and starry canopy.
And then our greeting should have been a kiss.
As soft and sweet and lingering as a strain
Of music borne at midnight on the waves,
Or as a thought of love in gentle hearts.

We will not dance, dear Isabel, to-night.
Bright forms are gleaming by us, and the tones
Of wit and mirth are ringing in our ears,
But these can have no charms for us. I know
That ballet circles are trembling in our breasts
Than they could ever thrill. Come, dear one, soon,
And let us for a few brief moments rove
Mid the sweet mazes of the golden walk,
Where the young Rose, (the Queen of flowers,) as they
Of gentle birth in the centre of the dew,
Will bow to thee its jewelled head, and where
The sunny lily floating on the wave,
Nature's bright swan-flower, will dare up at thee
With its full eye of splendor, and where
The bronze's soft, cool fingers and sister will
Kiss sweetness in thy ear, and there our hearts,
Forgetting this wild, heartless dance, will wake
Together to the music of our souls.

A MEXICAN BULL-FIGHT.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

One of the most popular, exciting, and fashionable amusements of the Mexicans, and in fact of the Spanish race generally, is the bull-fight. Every fete of note has its arena of every size; and from the President of the Republic, the Governor of a Province, the Prefect of the Church, down through every rank and grade, to the poorest and lowest inhabitants, all will participate in the barbarous sport with the wildest delight and exhilaration.

Some years ago, while making a brief sojourn with the Governor of an eastern province, I shall be nameless—and to whom I had first paid my respects with a valuable letter of introduction, and from whom I had received every mark of hospitality and kindness—he gave me an invitation, with a perfect flow of delight:

"Don Amado, I have ordered a bull-fight for you! You have never seen a bull-fight, you tell me. On Wednesday next that pleasure will be yours. Everything is arranged—leave it to the Virgin!"

"Glorious!" echoed Dona Flora, the daughter of my host, a beautiful girl of eighteen, clapping her hands with delight.

I looked at her in surprise, and wondered how it could be possible for so sweet and angelic a being as she seemed to be, to take any pleasure whatever in so barbarous a custom. I bowed to the Governor, however, thanked him in the name for the information, but took the liberty of some moments unwilling that would have pained me so cruelly by a cruel expression.

The day came; and the Governor and his suite, some three or four priests, and the ladies of his household, I repaired to the scene of sport. This was a huge inclosure, whose circular seats rising one above the other, and the whole covered with an awning. In the centre was the arena, not unlike the ring of a circus, which the whole place somewhat resembled, though large enough to seat several thousand persons. The place was crowded to suffocation when we arrived; the fighters were in the ring—three horsemen and three footmen, armed with lances and swords—and a respectable band of musicians were playing a lively national air. As we advanced to the highest seats, which of course had been reserved for and distinguished company, all eyes were directed toward us, and there was a general murmur of recognition. As I took my appointed seat by the side of Dona Flora, she hastily put a bouquet to me, and, with a flush of enthusiasm lighting up her bright, gitish face, said, pointing to the men in the ring:

"Are they not all splendid-looking fellows, Don Amado?" With what grace and ease they ride the horsemen sit their noble steeds! and with what an air of conscious knowledge and unflinching courage the footmen await the onset of their fearful enemy!"

"They are all fine-looking fellows, I will not deny," returned I, as I saw they are over their well-proportioned figures, and neatly rounded, tapering limbs; "but it seems to me that it might be engaged in a better cause than the torturing of an unhappy animal."

I could scarcely avoid the open expression of my disapprobation of their sport, and in fact, my remarks were ill-timed, and drew upon me a reproachful look from the pretty companion.

"Why, what would you have them do?" she replied, a little petulantly. "They exist for our amusement, and in that they manifest much courage and skill."

"I fear they will not *amuse* me," I rejoined; "and as for their courage and skill, I think they might display that to some purpose against the enemies of their country."

"You foreigners have such prejudices against our most pleasing sports!" she said, with a slight pout.

"Because we can see nothing pleasing in a dumb animal being tortured to death, and that, too, being suddenly hurled into eternity amid the pleadings of an imploring fiend?" returned I.

"Did you ever see a man killed in the arena, Señorita?"

"Oh, yes—two."

"And did you feel for?"

"I was very much excited—I experienced some very strange emotions—"

"And you applauded the bull?"

"I believe I did the last one, Señor, it was a very furious animal."

"And did it occur to you then, that the poor fellow, after whom death grim were pursuing, had perhaps a doting mother, a dear sister, a loving wife and children to mourn his loss?"

"But, Señor," she rejoined, with an air of surprise, "it is his profession; it was his very risk he was paid for while living; and if he was unfortunate, it was not our fault. It was a very gallant bull, Señor."

I saw it was useless to argue the point with one who, though fair, gentle, and sympathetic in every other sin, had been accustomed to consider the death of a fellow creature in the bull-ring as only an interesting part of the performance for which the audience fees had been so happily the occasion of the musical this moment, and a cool of trumpets should be sounded throughout the house, allowed me to remain silent also.

The Governor now waved his hand, as a signal for the sport to begin; and a sudden and instantly a door in one side of the ring was thrown open, and a large, fierce bull, with reddish, wicked looking eyes, came madly bounding into the arena. In its centre he stopped for a moment, and glared around upon the applauding spectators; and then, his eye falling upon one of the horsemen, he lowered his head, with an angry shake uttered a savage bellow, and made a most furious, and, as I believed, fatal charge. In fact, as his lance had come within a few feet of the horse, I would almost have wagered my life that the latter could not have escaped being gored, whatever might be the fate of his rider; but even while I held my breath, with a sickening shudder, the supple beast, spurred and goaded by the skillful plunge, slightly raised, wheeled, and sprang aside, and the bull passed harmlessly by, receiving an irritating and bloody spear-thrust in his left flank.

A wild burst of applause astonished the poor bull, and encouraged the horseman, who bowed to the compliment. The next moment the furious animal bounded at another horseman, who also managed by great skill to avoid the thrust of the lance, and prick him in the flank. Another burst of applause. The bull now made another charge at the first horse, but wheeled suddenly and unexpectedly as before the third, and gored him on the hind quarter, yet did not succeed in throwing him down. At the horse, spurred by his rider, leaped forward, one of the footmen bounded up and dexterously flung in the very face of the bull, and neither ruined although in the struggle the horse received another thrust from the bull's horn right and left in the thigh, and reached the ground unharmed. At this exciting display of address, the whole audience shook with thunders of applause, and the Governor and several of the priests exclaimed:

"Oh, what a splendid fellow!" cried Dona Flora, clapping her white hands.

"Very!" said I.

The footmen now had their stopping to make his obeisance, and seemingly determined that his human foes should not, kept madly rushing at him and avoiding each of whom eluded him with a dexterity worthy of a better cause; and as each succeeded in giving a final blow in every side, he was soon covered with blood from a number of severe wounds. This being the case, he soon turned until the poor animal began to grow weak and weary, his short, deep respiration at length stopped in the centre of the ring, panting and with a bellowing sound, he sank down to die.

My heart now really ached with compassion for the poor brute, and I could only correct out the instinct of his nature, against the baser propensities of his human assailants, who had degraded themselves to the level of the most brutal and immortal beings, to even a lower level than the cruel, heartless bull, who was only a brute because when I say, that out of the thousands there assembled, I, for one, was the only human soul who felt the least sympathy for that tortured animal.

"Poor bull!" exclaimed one, with a laugh of derision.

"How do you feel now, old short-horns?" cried another.

"Try it again, Señor Bellower, and get your ugly throat cut for your pains!" shouted a third.

This last salty of wit was greeted with boisterous laughter.

"Culinarily done, my men!" said the Governor.

"The work is well!" exclaimed the priests.

"What do you think of the sport by this time, Señor?" inquired my fair companion.

"I think I will not change my opinion just yet," I replied, evasively.

One of the footmen now ran up to the bull, and, catching him by the tail, gave it a violent pull one side, somewhat resembling the old style proceeding, which was greeted with yells of laughter, while the animal again fell exhausted. Another burst of fury; and wheeling suddenly upon his assailants, he gored the horse in the left hip, and tossed him over his head. The horse fell heavily upon his rider, and rolled away, while one of his companions thrust forward his red flag before the bull's eyes, and he stood upon himself. This time I confess I applauded the bull.

Another, long, fatiguing, and to me disgusting scene of attack and defence, now took place, and the bull, after he was very near dead, arose on one side, against the wall of the ring, and hanging down his head, his whole body covered with blood and wounds.

"Surely he will kill him now, and put him out of his misery!" said I, to my fair companion.

"Oh, no—the sport is not over yet!" she replied, with a laugh in the best, as you shall see."

And to the shame of humanity, I confess I did see; for after a short breathing spell by the bull, during which the attendants ran out and dragged the dying animal several times with his knee; and as the poor brute would rise and stand, the other went up, caught hold of his tail, and twisted it with his might, when he would receive another low bellow of pain, that fairly touched my heart, but declined to move from his tracks. At this a horseman forward with a dozen pairs of spikes and crackers fastened to short, sharp, barbed wire, prepared for the purpose, and began to stick them into the flesh of the beast, sometimes upon the head and neck, and sometimes over the back and sides, till the animal was literally covered with them; and still the poor brute remained passive and indifferent, with nothing more than a low, plaintive moan. Next a horseman with a lighted taper affixed to a lance, rode up to within a few feet, and deliberately set fire to these combustibles; and as they began to smoke, hiss, blaze, sparkle and crackle, the dying animal raised his head, in surprise and astonishment directly around him for a moment, shook himself, uttered a wild bellow of horror, threw out his red and bloody tongue, reeled falsely, and commenced to run, but his suddenly encountering all his remaining strength and agility, and dashing down the opposite effort, he made a plunge forward, with such violence that there was not a single of the nearest horseman to clear him, and down went the animal and his rider together. In the next moment the horse was ripped open to the entrails, and pulled out dragging after him a mass of appliances.

In order to draw off the bull, and so permit the man beneath the horse to be extricated, one of the footmen, a young, active fellow, now ran up to the goring beast, which was one blaze of blazing and crackling fireworks, and shook his red flag in his very face; and as the savage beast wheeled upon him in turn, he darted aside, and attempted to retreat backwards, still holding the red flag before him, and preparing to give the *coup de grace* in a manner to reflect lasting credit upon his skill. But by some unlucky chance his foot slipped at the critical moment, and, before he could recover his equilibrium, the horns of the enraged animal were buried in his body. As if struck with a bolster-bullet, he was hurled backward upon the ground, and the dying bull, too weak to recover himself, fell heavily upon him, head first, and literally pinned him to the earth.

There was a momentary hush throughout the house, but more, as it seemed, of surprise than horror. Then a wild, piercing shriek broke the silence, and a pale, delicate woman, from one of the lower seats, sprang into the centre of the ring, ran forward with upraised hands, and threw herself down by the dying man, exclaiming:

"My husband! my husband! my dear, dear husband!"

They raised her up, white as a sheet, and senseless, and bore her away. They raised up her husband, a ghastly, gurgling, and bloody spectacle, and bore him away also. They killed the bull, and dragged his dead form from the ring likewise. And the band played, and the footmen bowed.

"What next?" said I to Dona Flora.

"Another bull-fight, Señor!"

"God forgive you all!" ejaculated I. "Excuse me, Señorita, pardon for my rudeness—but I am compelled to leave you abruptly!"

And I left the house, and the city, and went bowing to the Governor, I hurried from the Kingdom—from the open air, intending to never ing I would never voluntarily witness another bull-fight. And through clifferale and ensure that vow I have managed to keep to this day.

ANOTHER TIME.

BY ALICE CARY.

Wind of the sweet southwest,
Blow, and blow, and blow!
Like a cradle rocking, rock my cot,
Make each petals of rose.

To the heat of the sunny heather,
And warm its southern pride,
And make the spring like a lover
With her shadow, by his side.

Like a heart that is full of love is
The tree in bulbus and bold,
And I long for the time when I shall be
Her fingers out of the mold.

I long for the flowers to tremble
The thoughts which I cannot stop—
And the wind to sit still and listen
Oh for the Spring, the Spring!

Blow, and blow, and blow!
Over the cot me bring—
Over the bulbs of the roses,
And the lilts with their spears of pine.

Like a bird that is glad to be free
In a passage and sunless bud,
And feels through its veins the sweet life
And sets it mother's hand.

I can tell, and I can tell through the dark
It brighter pain and fear,
I cry, and make a little bird's will
For another time of year.

UNKNOWN YET WELL KNOWN

Did you never meet persons whom your heart instinctively recognized? Persons whom you had known, or greatly, or well-costumed, before you had seen them? Persons whom perhaps you have so often turned away, that they are seen likely to run their course to you. I allude to a spiritual, not a physical magnetism. A magnetism which needs no sentiment. It is the window of the eye, challenging your sympathy with their eloquence, and you feel that your own soul is magnetized and restless, and vexed with the world's fretting, and wants communion in a crowd, of a stranger face, placid and pure as that of a child. Or you hear a voice, deep and heart-toned, and turn instinctively in the crowd to look for the owner, who by that unmistakable token, you are sure has a soul, and as you listen, and look, you feel your own soul awaken. And yet we ignorantly call such "exceptional" persons what though neither know the earthly name by which they are known to you, and you may be so often for that brief instant in some public place, both bearing the same social sentiment for a great social speaker, one filling eye accidentally meets another, and you feel and recognize, and continuing over the back and sides, till the animal was literally covered with them; and still the poor brute remained passive and indifferent, with nothing more than a low, plaintive moan. Next a horseman with a lighted taper affixed to a lance, rode up to within a few feet, and deliberately set fire to these combustibles; and as they began to smoke, hiss, blaze, sparkle and crackle, the dying animal raised his head, in surprise and astonishment directly around him for a moment, shook himself, uttered a wild bellow of horror, threw out his red and bloody tongue, reeled falsely, and commenced to run, but his suddenly encountering all his remaining strength and agility, and dashing down the opposite effort, he made a plunge forward, with such violence that there was not a single of the nearest horseman to clear him, and down went the animal and his rider together. In the next moment the horse was ripped open to the entrails, and pulled out dragging after him a mass of appliances.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THEIR CHOICE.—You young men of the lecture room to think that when there is little to do you can get employment in the sediment either name for the Governor. There who are upon such a supposition you will make a great mistake. Almost all our merchants and commissioners are curtailing their establishments more or less, and numbers of clerks and skilled operatives, that are out of employment, are looking for the country in the hope of bettering their expenses, at least, if they can find them. There are positively no openings for fresh comers, or except for such as may have been specially engaged before coming to the city. Therefore, it is wise than to come to this city for the purpose of "taking a look around," unemployed. There are no chances to take. Hosts of disciples have for the life in every

have a little money to spend, and will patiently for brighter times. Then they spend it here in a liberal manner.

SUPERBEAD.—It would be a great piece of folly for you to go to law with your enemy, unless you believe you have the moral right on your side, while in the case you state, the "friend right" generally is on the "side," and the law has a troublesome constitution of that way, too, except in rare cases.

R. R. E.—Your pamphlet we have read, and will in a way that communication will not at fault, and that you are a very fortunate. Thus much we in reply relative to stating the cause of your

GRUMPUS.—If it is your intention to be a man of letters, you will give up your quill-pen, it is very much disgusting.

LITTLE GIRL.—Our little correspondent would have her pet cats make a whole paper of girls, and Mitch does not marry in rows, for elegance. Her mother, she says, has given her up to asking for spoiled silver in the city. The secret is, that they make them very fine, and dissolve it in time. Five cents made of them sells and pass them for fourteen pences before they are ready for sale. First, then, we make the pence and then we sell out into pieces long enough to make three or four pins. This is done by machinery which works so rapidly that one person straightens and can wire enough in one day, to make a thousand pins. Then they are put into papers, and sent into paper-covered boxes, and, lastly, whitened, polished and put in papers for sale. Some pins are made by hand, but machinery does the same sum to do more than a thousand could do without machinery. Even the holes are punched by machinery. Pins are sold by the paper, and pins into the papers children are employed, who get such a knack at it that each of them can stick three thousand in an hour, or fifty in a minute. In this way pins are made very cheap. They are sold at retail for a penny or a hundred and fifty for one cent.

ANNIE.—The best thing for you to do, for the purpose of carrying out your idea of learning to speak and write German, French and Italian, is to study them. It is exceptionally at work under a competent teacher, and under this plan makes of those languages as soon as you can be. You should also continue your daily, practical study of English, and read the best authors in order that you may gain from an experience of theories and dreams of a life. Your letter is very well written, and shows that you are gifted with the "philosophy of words," and with intelligence, never make good linguists of their pupils. Never let your mind be idle, and you will be sure to become learned in matters. Let your mind be well employed, and you will soon find yourself making satisfactory progress.

ANNIE.—Your delicate child has fallen into the too common error of unduly magnifying agreeables over and above all others. There you have an instance of a child of tender blood manifested to the effect to them pain, but the pain is not the result of the agreeable, but is allowed to drag. The moderate use, to which we are all liable, is not the cause of the pain, but the excess. Even of those articles which are healthful, and nearly all the elegancies of life, are subject to the same abuse. The use of agreeables is not to be condemned, but the excess. Let dependent upon the other sex for its means of development. The truth is that the principal arts which are to be assisted, and comfort and health promoted, are about equally important.

HALL.—Your notion of making a fortune, by travelling "all over the U. States and not writing a book on the Old Lord, is a most rhetorical and unintentionable one. Publishers have their own hobbies as well as others, and probably be impossible for you to say anything new on the subject, or to be set forth all things in such a new and striking way as to make a fortune by so doing. In fact, a fortune is not to be made in any way that we know of by any undertaking.

MARY.—Your correspondent, who is a young lady, enters into the discussion of the "I Dare I" question with much spirit. She takes the "dare" side, and thinks that a young woman should not be afraid to do what she is to use her such changes without defending yourself from the charge of unbecoming conduct. Truth and justice are the principal elements of true beauty.

TITAL.—There were probably members of a rude kind in the Revolution. In spite of numerous lawyers and statesmen and diplomatists, who have been raised who did not know how to read or write. Many of the Presidents of before New Hollanders, have their rude manias, while the most distinguished of the Revolutionary generals were men of limited development of the English grammar.

MERCIA.—Your parents may be correct in their views in the matter in which you refer, and you may be wrong in other nine-tenths. A girl eighteen years of age, who has been educated to be a woman of the world of elegance and beauties, provided you know how. Roll up small piece of coarse brown paper in the bulk. Wet them, soap them, put them into the vessel with a little water and soda, and make them wash. After rinsing the vessel with clean water, it will be as clean and bright as a new dollar.

ISABELLE is bowed down under the grievous burden of sorrow, and feels it incumbent upon her to mourn otherwise, and in his misery cries out: "Can a young man carry fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burned?" So has sufficient nerve and manliness to sink to a past condition. All he has to do is to refuse being a victim. He refuses to yet more to do.

ELLEN.—Some of the black leaf of commerce, comes from two deposits: one in Cumberland county England, and the other in Borrowdale, in the same county. The best for lead pencils, stove polish and crucibles. The valuable substance has been found in two places in New Jersey, and near Lake George in the State of New York, but neither of these beds has been worked to much extent.

PHILOMENA.—Colleges of New Jersey.—Yes, were erected in something, in a debate, that the circulation of the LEDGER is far larger than List of any daily or weekly paper in the country.

ELECTRICITY.—Dr. Franklin was the first who discovered the identity of lightning and electricity. He was a long story to tell all the causes of the war of 1812, but we can give you the principal reasons. The first cause was the claim of search. For part of the time the English claimed the right to seize any part from which British vessels were established. These Orders in council tended to destroy the growing commerce of the United States, and led, first to remonstrances, then to retaliatory measures, and lastly, to the war of 1812. The decrees of Napoleon will regard to neutral vessels were just as arbitrary and unjust as the British Orders in Council, and, under the operation of these decrees, a large number of American vessels were taken and confiscated, for which General Jackson afterwards obtained from the French government pay.

GARLAND.—Some time since, as Gabriel (our correspondent says) was flitting in the garden of Eden, he met with a young lady in which he had been interested for some time, and, taking her hand in his, and looking her fondly in the face, he asked her if she would be his wife. Gabriel that she had forgotten her name, and politely requested him to pay her that little favor. After a few evenings after, he met the young lady at the house of a friend, when she offered him the cup of "Rose's sake Gabriel," will you be kind enough to inform me what world have been the reason for a beautiful young man to pursue with regard to the mysterious disappearance of Mr. Payne, and he should have sought to follow the money and put it into his pocket. The lady did not answer the question, but, when accepting the cup, she looked him in the face, where accepting the cup, she looked him in the face, where accepting the cup, she looked him in the face, where